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LIFE OF CERVANTES

Photo *J. Lacoste, Madrid*

HOUSE IN VALLADOLID WHERE CERVANTES
WROTE THE FIRST PART OF DON QUIJOTE

Frontispiece]

THE
LIFE OF CERVANTES

BY

ROBINSON SMITH

This place of learning wherein we are taught
To mould from natural clay some noble form

FOLCROFT LIBRARY EDITIONS / 1973

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To mould from natural clay some noble form

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THE LIFE OF CERVANTES

CHAPTER I

Introductory

The life of Cervantes presents the extraordinary case of a man that did not find himself until fifty-five. At that age he penned the opening sentence of *Don Quijote*, and at once the inner meaning of his life found its adequate outward expression. His mind mounted, the nobility of his nature asserted itself, his heart laughed and sang. This was in the year 1603. Then, with the first part of his great work finished, his being lapsed for another ten years. The first part of *Don Quijote* appeared in 1605, and though Cervantes suddenly found himself famous, he still found himself very poor, and what with petty affairs, with family troubles, with much reading, with writing a dozen short stories, the years went quickly by. Then, in 1614, he was driven, as by an accident, to write the second

part of his immortal story. The old fire burned, his being was renewed, his pen ran swiftly, and within a year the book was finished. He was now approaching seventy, and in little more than a twelvemonth all that could die of him was dead. Omit the years 1603 and 1614 from Cervantes' life and there is left but a clever writer of short stories; include those years and we have the most imaginative prose-writer of all time.

The phenomenon would be less remarkable if the earlier years of his life had been years of preparation: if he had been consciously perfecting himself in his art in order that the masterpiece might in the end evolve. During his early manhood and prime he had written but occasional verses, a few forgotten plays, and a dull pastoral, the *Galatea*. Therein indeed he showed himself the master of a measured style, but there is almost no trace of that wealth of fancy, that power of characterisation, that irrepressible high spirit, which so distinguish the *Don Quijote*. Nor was it as if during those early years he had been reading toward an end, hoarding his riches for these two years of his bountiful giving, these two years of splendid achievement. He read

far and wide and remembered tenaciously, and all that he read, as well as all that he thought and loved and did and hoped and suffered, became a part of his book; yet his reading had been without intention.[1] * But when the time of restitution came, the sweet time of refreshment came at last, he had read so sympathetically, he had lived so richly and patiently, so mature and just was his wisdom, that, once the great idea of the book possessed him, it was merely a question of a clear head, a clean heart, and the rigour of the game.

In emphasising this fact, that 'the best novel in the world beyond all comparison'[2] was written by a man past middle age with almost no literary career behind him, one does not thereby suggest that Cervantes was unliterary by nature. He was intensely literary: he loved to read even the torn scraps of paper he picked up in the street,[3] he took an astonishing interest in the poetry and drama of his time, and was fond of discussing them, the good and the bad; his interest in letters extended to all that had just been done in Italy, while the Bible and the classics were his intellectual body-

* The references are to the notes at the end of the volume.

guard. But his own output had been slight and uncertain: the false dawn gave no promise of the glorious day. The way to produce a masterpiece, in Cervantes' case at least, was not to exhaust himself by constant writing, but, mingling in the world wherever duty and necessity urged, so to grow by continual choice of the better and the braver, that when the time for great expression came, with his philosophy of life shaped and tried by all manner of experience and adventure, with his mind enriched and enlarged by the mind of the past, he found the victory won almost before the battle was begun. The first chapter of the *Quijote* is as elevated and sustained as any later chapter, and though the second part as a whole is finer than the first, the advantage was the result, not so much of style by practice perfecting, as of wisdom by trials maturing. The shield of his long-suffering had grown more ample and strong.

It is significant that this most imaginative of prose narratives should be in so large part a transcription of actuality—as if truth in any form must first be tried before it can be transfigured; as if, in other words, the novelist must have felt his situations before he can body them

forth, that he may be sure they are true to life and wear the raiment of reality. Fortunately Cervantes was endowed with both qualities supremely—with keen sensibility he saw and felt things as they were, and at the same time he could idealise them and make them move in an imaginative world of things as they might be. When his narrative soars too high, he brings it to earth by some suggestion of sober fact; when, on the other hand, it clings too closely to prosaic action, he sublimates it by light from above. The *Don Quijote* is as far removed from the unrelieved realism of the modern novel, as it is from the empty vacuities of the books of chivalry which its object was to deride. And through all and perhaps above all is present the undefinable charm of Cervantes' own personality: a presence so elusive that it is no sooner caught than it is sped, and yet so persistent that here in the *Don Quijote* where it has a chance to reveal itself, it reveals itself in nearly every line.

Exception will always be taken to the view that Cervantes' aim in writing *Don Quijote* was to ridicule the books of chivalry, in spite of the author's own statement at the beginning that

his book was one long invective against these romances, and at the end that his sole desire had been to expose their balderdash and vapidity to the abomination of mankind. The book is so large and living that one dislikes to find its origin in a specific purpose. And it is of course clear that the story outgrew its first and narrow intent: Cervantes looked for one thing and found another. At the same time, the most cursory glance at the notes to my translation will show how successful the work was in holding up to derision the books of chivalry. Chapter after chapter of the *Don Quijote* is modelled closely or loosely upon adventures or incident in the lives of its ancestors, and their pretentiousness of phrase and sentiment are reflected by Cervantes with marvellous consistency. In the adventure of the fulling-mills Sancho hobbles the fore-feet of Rocinante not only in order that his master may not close with that dread peril in the darkness of the night, but because this scene is imitative of a situation in *Florando of England* where the hero cannot move on to danger because his steed is enchanted and will not budge. In the same chapter in *Florando* (Book III., c. viii) the squire is carried through

the air by phantoms, dropped from high rocks, and his flesh torn by burning pincers. He calls to his master for help. Florando knows the voice and forces back his steed toward the place. But he does not deliver his squire, being persuaded that it is a vision. That is why in the blanketing of Sancho his master, though hearing and recognising the cries of the squire and returning to his aid, finding that he can neither climb the yard-wall nor dismount from Rocinante, believes that the castle or inn is enchanted and that those who make sport of Sancho so outrageously are but phantoms and inhabitants of another world. Second only to our interest in the finished structure is our admiration of the amazing skill wherewith Cervantes built it out of the rubble-stone of others.

But it was not the books of chivalry alone that suffered this abstraction. Ballads and the Italian romantic poetry are drawn upon almost as heavily; indeed it would seem as if every work Cervantes read,[4] whether printed or in manuscript, was bound to contribute something to the *Quijote*. No book, therefore, gains so much by illustrative comment as this

—a thousand of the allusions would be missed if we did not see what the author had in mind. The marvel is how he supposed we were to understand them, for hundreds must have been hidden even from his contemporaries, and there are no doubt scores of hits that still remain to be noted.[5] Equally strange will it seem that he should have troubled to build in this way, rather than rely on his own creative faculty. But in this he was, perhaps, holding to that safest of guides, his own ideal, and wrote for his own more perfect delight. That he gave many a slap to his forehead as the chances for banter kept coming one after another, was enough to assure him that the reader would slap his forehead and feel equivalent joy. Occasionally the matter that he borrows is not homogeneous with what is more strictly his own; but in general he transcended all that he included, and it must be confessed that the results justify his method. The events throughout the book have a certain classic quality, a certain relationship between their outwardness and their inwardness, a certain concrete reality, that show an existence before they passed through the crucible of the author's transmuting

power, for their previous existence in literature was as vivid to him as if it had been in life. All things that were in themselves significant, especially things a bit curious and diverting, whether they were to be found in literature or in life, in his own mind or another's, had a place in the sun of that man's genius.

CHAPTER II

Childhood and Youth, 1547–1568

The biography of Cervantes resolves itself into a series of questions, many of which the reader must answer for himself. No biographer can do it for him, so often and so nicely must the evidence be weighed. The first problem that arises is, When was our Cervantes born? He was baptized on October 9, 1547, and it used to be held, quite naturally, that he was born ten days previous, on St Michael's Day, September 29, since he was baptized (after that saint) Miguel. Yet this position, like so many good positions in the field of scholarship, is being abandoned (in favour of no particular day), simply because we have no birth-certificate. There are, however, enough cases where children were named after the saint on whose day they were born to make one think it a custom among God-fearing Castilians at that time. Lope de Vega, for example, was born on St Lope's Day, November 25.

But what just tips the scales in favour of Michaelmas as the birthday of Cervantes (tips them in my mind at least) is the fact that his brother Andres was baptized twelve days after St Andrew's Day. It may also be worth noting that the only one of Cervantes' thousand characters whose birthday he states, has that birthday 'come Michaelmas.' [6]

With this momentous matter disposed of, we are at once confronted with another: Was Cervantes' father desperately poor or only comparatively so ?—rich he certainly was not. The fact that he had seven children, of whom our Miguel was the fourth, does not help us. Equally unilluminating, as regards our present inquiry, are the facts that he was a physician and the son of a lawyer, Juan de Cervantes, who (1545-6) administered the estates of the Duke of Osuna (at Osuna) and who later practised at Cordova (1555). Cervantes' father, Rodrigo, was probably in restless circumstances, since he shifted his abode from Alcalá de Henares, where his first five children were born, to Valladolid (1555-61),[7] to Madrid (1561-4),[8] to Seville (1564-5),[9] and back again to Madrid (1566-85). Moreover, the father was deaf, so deaf in 1578 that he could

not hear papers read aloud in court—was obliged to read them over to himself and say that he understood and accepted them. Perhaps this real deafness was less damaging to his practice as a physician, less irritating to his patients, than had he heard, but not heeded, all they had to say. That he actually practised and had patients is shown by an interesting deed of the year 1568, which states that his daughter Andrea, then twenty-five, nursed one Juan Locadelo, who, 'absent from home' and 'temporarily residing in this city of Madrid and at the court of His Majesty,' was 'made comfortable by her and cured of some infirmities I have had, as well she as her father, and did for me and on my behalf many other things wherefor I am bound to remunerate and reward them'; and so he does by this deed bestow on Doña Andrea 300 gold crowns, together with many pieces of furniture, articles of clothing and jewels of value, which the girl receives, acknowledges and kisses his hand for. The giver asked that these his donations should serve as part of her dowry, and a little later she married, but part of Andrea's dowry, that of her sister Magdalena,[10] and apparently all the realisable assets of the family

were more than exhausted by payments toward the ransom of their sons and brothers from the hands of the Moors. In 1564 the father owned some house property in Seville; in 1576, before the ransoming of his two sons, he is called a poor man;[11] after the ransoming of the second son, 1580, no member of the family ever regained his or her feet—they were all poor relations now.

Probably, then, Cervantes belonged to that great class, the class from which nearly all great men have sprung, which, having sufficient to keep the wolf from the door, must yet make its own living and so keep determination in the blood. The children of these families are not shut off from the essentials of education by dire poverty, nor are they made selfish on the other hand by having everything they want. Their souls are not stunted in a miasmic atmosphere of their own superiority, and they early learn to be natural and human toward all men. They also learn to lend a helping hand; for often, as in Cervantes' case, these are the families over whom, through fault of their own or no, an evil star persistently shines. Perhaps because they are not sufficiently worldly, hard luck becomes a kind of habit with them, and yet, helped by the other members,

some one of the family pulls magnificently through.

We left the child Miguel in swaddling-clothes at Alcalá[12] in order to indicate the worldly estate and spiritual substance of the family into which he was born. At Alcalá he attained the age of three, and perhaps soon after that event the family moved to Madrid, though there is no certain record of him until his sister Magdalena was born at Valladolid about 1555. At Valladolid the family may have remained until 1561, and probably here[13] it was as a boy under fourteen that Cervantes first saw and loved the drama, also then in its youth. In those days, he tells us,[14] 'the whole paraphernalia of a manager of plays was contained in a sack, and consisted of four white sheepskin dresses trimmed with gilt leather, and four beards, wigs, and crooks, more or less. . . . The stage consisted of four benches arranged in a square with five or six planks on top of them raised but four hand-breadths from the ground.' The only decoration of the theatre was 'an old blanket drawn aside by two ropes, which made what they call the green-room, behind which were the musicians singing some old ballad without a

guitar. . . . The performances were wont to take place in a public square, as now with strollers at a country fair, and were given twice a day, in the forenoon and in the afternoon.' Cervantes especially remembered having seen the noted dramatist-manager-actor Lope de Rueda, and at the end of his life could recall some of the lines heard as a boy.[15]

'From my tender years I loved the sweet art of agreeable poesy,' says Cervantes in another place,[16] and Blas Nasarre,[17] who was the first to tell us of Cervantes' schooling at Madrid, says, 'Cervantes from early childhood applied himself to the reading of these and other ancient books.' We do not know what authority he had for this statement, but we do know him right when he continues: 'And he composed some verses . . . to be read in *The True History, Illness, Most Blessed Passing, and Sumptuous Obsequies of the Most Serene Queen of Spain, Doña Isabel de Valois*,' Philip the Second's third wife, who died, October 3, 1568. This book was compiled by Juan Lopez de Hoyos, who refers to Cervantes as 'my dear and beloved pupil.' As Cervantes in October 1568 was twenty-one, it may have been at an earlier period, say in 1561-4,

that our hero sat at the feet of the humanist Hoyos. Perhaps he may have received some schooling at Seville at the age of sixteen or seventeen, since his father was there (1564-5) and we have that description in *The Dogs' Colloquy* [18] of the 'two sons, one of twelve years and the other nearly fourteen, who were studying grammar in the school of the Company of Jesus.' Cervantes always,[19] apparently, thought himself two or three years younger than he was and presumably would underestimate the age of his younger brother. 'It was winter-time,' the dog continues, 'when manchets and buttered cakes are the vogue in Seville, with which I was so well supplied that more than two Antonios were pawned or sold for my breakfast.' By Antonio the dog means either the Latin grammar or the Latin dictionary of Antonio de Lebrixa, so perhaps here again we get a glimpse at the foundation of his studies. It appears to have been a model school: 'I straightway derived pleasure from seeing the affection, the settled behaviour, the anxiety, and industry with which those blessed fathers and masters taught those children, strengthening the tender shoots of their youth so that they might not bend or take

an evil direction in the path of virtue, which conjointly with letters they kept pointing out to them. I began to consider how they rebuked their pupils with sweetness, chastised them mercifully, animated them with examples, stimulated them by rewards, and overlooked their shortcomings with judgment; and finally, how they described to them the ugliness and horror of vice, and sketched for them the loveliness of virtue, in order that loathing the one and loving the other they might attain the end for which they were educated.'

The references in his writings to Salamanca, and the intimate knowledge revealed in *The Feigned Aunt*[20] of the student life there, have led many to believe that Cervantes studied at the great university, perhaps in the years (1566-8) following upon his schooling at Seville. A hundred years ago[21] a professor of rhetoric at Salamanca was sure he had seen Cervantes' name registered as a student of philosophy for two years, and more by token he lived in the calle de Moros; but there is no such record now. The reader must again decide for himself, after reading Don Diego's account of his poetic son's devotion to the humanities at Salamanca, as

told in *Don Quijote*; secondly, *The Feigned Aunt*, and finally the opening page of *The Licentiate of Glass*. To my own mind it is this last episode that is especially autobiographical—in other words I think that Cervantes studied at Salamanca for two or three years[22] as a student-page (a term that he uses in the second chapter of *Don Quijote*). 'In a few weeks Tomas showed signs of possessing rare intelligence, serving his masters with such fidelity, punctuality and diligence that although he did not fail in any degree in his studies, it appeared that he was wholly occupied in waiting on them; and as the good service of the servant creates a willingness in his master to treat him well, presently Tomas Rodaja was not the servant of his masters, but their companion. . . . He most distinguished himself in the humanities, and had such a happy memory that it was a thing to wonder at.'

Incline then as one may or may not to the schooling at Madrid and Seville and the residence at the University of Salamanca (and perhaps the most one can say is that there is much to urge in favour of these periods and nothing against), one may at least be sure that in his youth Cervantes was devoted to reading,

especially to poetry; secondly, that he loved the play, and remembered the lines that he heard and the scene that he saw; and, lastly, that at the age of twenty-one he himself could write verses, including an elegy 199 lines long on the illness and death of a queen. If the boy was father of the man,[23] in appearance the youthful Cervantes was of medium height, of auburn hair, of a complexion rather light than brown, the nose arched though well-proportioned, the eyes merry, the mouth small and stuttering. There is reason to believe that he excelled in out-of-door sports;[24] and he was lovable—unlike many master spirits he had that greatest of virtues, unfailing courtesy, and in his kindliness he won, not repelled, the affections of men. As yet he betrayed no sign of the genius for which the world now reveres him. The next thirty years of his life were to be spent, five years in military service, five as captive among the Moors, fifteen in affairs. In the five years between these last periods, when he had more or less leisure, were written a pastoral and a few plays, in neither of which is he at his richest or best. But his travels and all manner of experiences by land and sea, his intercourse with all manner

of persons in every walk of life, made him sharp-witted, his eyes continued their noting, his mind and memory their reading and recording, so that when, at fifty-five, the great year of the *Don Quijote* came, he was indeed a full man. And fortunately, the imagination, which in so many has at that age begun to be less dominant, was with Cervantes only now coming into its own, and all that he had seen and suffered was transmuted for the purposes of his story into something rich and strange.

CHAPTER III

Early Manhood, 1569–1580

The problems concerning the childhood and youth of Cervantes are but cakes and cookies, as Sancho would say, to the one that confronts us now he is of age: namely, why and how did he go to Italy? We have seen him at Madrid a budding poet just turned twenty-one, and a year later, December 22, 1569, the father testifies that Miguel is in Rome. Where was he and what was he doing in the meantime? We have no definite record, but if the reader will give his fancy ever so little rein, I think we can arrive at certain approximations, both as to the reason for his leaving Spain and the route he followed in getting to Italy. I say we have no positive record, but there exists a warrant,[25] issued from Madrid and dated September 15, 1569, for the arrest of a Miguel de Cervantes, charged with having given certain wounds to Antonio de Sigura of this court and condemned to have

his left hand cut off and to be exiled from the capital for ten years. Remembering that Cervantes is often autobiographical in his writings, let us turn to his short story *The Little Gipsy*, and we hear a young poet-page of Madrid, escaping from justice, say for himself: 'I was in Madrid, in the house of a man of title to whom I was servant, not as to a master, but as a relation. He had an only son and heir, who, both on account of the relationship, and because we were of the same age and in the same circumstances, treated me with familiarity and great friendship. It chanced that this gentleman fell in love with a lady of quality, whom he would, with the utmost willingness, have chosen for his wife, if his wishes had not been, as is the duty of a good son, subservient to that of his parents, who hoped to make a more exalted match for him. Yet in spite of all this he paid her court, out of sight of the eyes of all those whose tongues could publish his inclinations. My eyes alone were witnesses of his intentions. One night . . . passing by the door and street of this lady, we saw close to it two men, apparently of good presence. My relative wished to reconnoitre them, but scarcely had he stepped towards

them when with much agility they laid hands on their swords and their bucklers, and advanced to us. We did the same, and with equal weapons we engaged. The fight lasted only a short time, for the lives of our two opponents lasted not long, since they lost them by two thrusts which the jealousy of my relation directed and the defence I made for him—a strange chance, and seldom witnessed.' At the end of the story this something between a page and a cavalier, as he is termed, embarks 'in one of the Genoese galleys lying in the harbour of Cartagena.' As if to tell us in so many words the reason of his going to Italy, in one of his plays[26] Cervantes relates of a character Saavedra (Cervantes' second name) that 'he left a gentleman very badly wounded, fled and went to Italy.'

We now turn again to the *The Licentiate of Glass*, and since it is certainly autobiographical in spirit if not in letter, we will quote at length Tomas Rodaja, whom we saw serving two gentlemen at Salamanca as page-companion, now about nineteen, while on the road falls in with a captain in his Majesty's service. 'He extolled the life of the army, and depicted in very

lively colours the beauty of the city of Naples, the pleasures of Palermo, the wealth of Milan, the festivals of Lombardy, and the splendid fare at the inns. He sketched pleasantly and exactly the "set the table, host; come here, you varlet; bring the mackerel, the fat fowls, and the macaroni." He lauded to the skies the freedom of the soldier's life, the liberty of Italy; but he said nothing of the cold endured by the sentries, the peril of the assaults, the terror of the battles, the hunger entailed by sieges, the devastation caused by the mines, and other things of this description which some take and consider as supplements to the burden of a military career, whereas they form the chief constituents of it.' So Tomas joins the captain as his ensign, and in a few days they reach the place where the company of soldiers was already made up. It commenced its march in the direction of Cartagena, it and four others, lodging at the places where they arrived on their route.

'Discarding the costume of a student, Tomas had dressed himself in bright colours and affected the attire of a man of spirit. The many books he possessed he cut down to a volume of

Hours of Our Lady, and a Garcilaso without notes, which he carried in two pockets. They arrived at Cartagena more quickly than they cared, because the life in billets is easy and varied, and every day new and pleasurable things turn up, and they embarked in four Neapolitan galleys there. Tomas Rodaja observed the strange existence on these strange sea-going houses, where for the most of the time the insects ill-treat, the convicts rob, the sailors disgust, the rats destroy, and the motion of the sea fatigues. The great gales and tempests alarmed him, especially in the Gulf of Lyons, where they experienced two. The first drove them to Corsica, and the second blew them back to Toulon, in France. Finally, weary with night-watches, drenched, and with blue circles under their eyelids, they arrived at the lovely and very beautiful city of Genoa, and disembarked at its secure harbour. . . . Tomas also admired the fair tresses of the Genoese women, the gentility and gallant disposition of the men, and the admirable beauty of the city, which seems to have its houses set in those rocks like diamonds in gold. Two days afterwards Tomas took leave of the Captain, and in five he arrived

at Florence, having first seen Lucca, a small city, yet excellently built, in which Spaniards are better regarded and indeed received better than in other parts of Italy. Florence pleased him extremely, both for its agreeable situation and for its cleanliness, sumptuous edifices, fresh stream and quiet streets.

'He stayed four days there, and then set out for Rome, queen of cities, and mistress of the world. He visited her churches, adored her relics, and admired her greatness, and as by the claws of the lion his size and ferocity are known, so he inferred that of Rome, from her fragments of marbles, her broken and entire statues, her shattered arches and ruined Baths, her magnificent porticoes and great amphitheatres, from her famous and sacred river, which always fills its banks with water, and blesses them with the numerous relics of bodies of martyrs who found burial on them, from her bridges, which appear to be gazing, one at the other, and her streets that by their names alone assume authority over those of any other city in the world, the Via Appia, Via Flaminia, Via Julia, and others of the same kind. Then the division of the hills within the city excited in him no less admiration,

the Cælian, Quirinal, Vatican, and the other four whose names indicate the greatness and the dignity of Rome. He also remarked the authority of the College of Cardinals, the majesty of the Chief Pontiff, the concourse and variety of races and nations. All this he admired and observed, and arranged in its proper place. And having visited the stations of the Seven Churches, confessed to a penitentiary and kissed the foot of His Holiness, laden with images of the *agnus dei* and beads, he determined to go to Naples, and from its being a change of season, unhealthy and noxious to all who enter into, or leave Rome, by the land route, he proceeded thither by sea. To the admiration that he derived from having seen Rome he added that which the sight of Naples caused, a city in his opinion, and in that of all who have beheld it, the finest in Europe, and indeed in the whole world. Thence he went to Sicily and saw Palermo, and subsequently Messina. The situation and beauty of Palermo pleased him greatly, and so did the harbour of Messina, and the fertility of the whole island, on account of which it is rightly and truly styled the granary of Italy. He then returned to Naples and Rome.'

In these paragraphs we get, I think, as true a picture of Cervantes' journey to Rome as we ever can get, or indeed could wish for, and the essentials of the picture are emphasised for us at several other points in his writings. In chapter twenty-four of the second part of *Don Quijote*, for instance, we have the page 'with a merry countenance' and of about nineteen years of age bound, as he supposes, for Cartagena, where he is to embark and serve the king in his wars. In the first part, chapter twenty-nine, the priest of Argamasilla says, 'We shall pass through my village, from which your highness will find a road leading to Cartagena'; and in her letter from Argamasilla, Part II., chapter fifty-two, Teresa speaks of a company of mischief-making soldiers passing through the village. Again, in the *The Dogs' Colloquy*, we meet with a company of soldiers bound for Cartagena. 'The company was full of bullies and deserters who were guilty of some acts of insolence in the places we passed.' And finally in Book III., chapter twelve, of *Persiles and Sigismunda* a girl, Agustina, disguised as a page, speaking of two companies of soldiers on their way to Cartagena to embark there, says, 'They got mixed up in a cruel

wrangle with the people of a village of La Mancha, over the matter of lodgings, with the result that a gentleman of the place, whom they called Count, of I know not what state, was killed.'

Was it some such incident as this, with the subsequent imprisonment of the malefactors, that led Cervantes to pen the opening sentence of *Don Quijote:* 'In a village of La Mancha, whose name I do not care to recall. . . .'? Perhaps it was at this period of his career, and not later, as is commonly supposed, that Cervantes gained his knowledge of La Mancha, and in particular of Argamasilla.[27] Certain we may be that this passage through that district of soldiers bound for Cartagena, for embarkation to Italy, made a ten-fold impression upon him, and since he obviously speaks as an eye-witness and since such a journey fits into no later portion of his life, the evidence seems to me overwhelming that he was one of that company, and arrived at Genoa after á stormy voyage,[28] and then via Lucca and Florence at Rome.

There, his father says, he was in December 1569, and since Cervantes himself says [29] that he served Cardinal Acquaviva there as his valet

and since Giulio Acquaviva was not made cardinal until the following May, Cervantes' service with him covered perhaps a few months before and a few months after that event. It could not have lasted much longer, for before the end of 1570 there is evidence [30] that Cervantes had enlisted as a private in the company commanded by Captain Diego de Urbina, forming part of Miguel de Moncada's famous regiment, there being many Spanish soldiers at this time in southern Italy, which was under the rule of their king. Acquaviva, but a year or two older than Cervantes, was a youth, 'very virtuous and of many letters,' and fond of gathering about him men of wit and 'treating with them on various questions of politics, science, learning and literature.' [31] And the reference to him in the preface of the *Galatea* would lead one to think that in his household Cervantes (though serving in a humble capacity) for this short, and perhaps the only, period of his life mingled with his peers. From now until within a few years of the end he was exposed either to the hardships and sufferings of war and the privations of a long captivity or to the anxieties and humiliations of a poverty that at times became desperate.

What must have been the constitution that could withstand so many shocks, what must have been the sweetness and nobility of nature that could survive them!

When Cervantes came into Italy, all Christendom lived in terror of the Turk. Cyprus had fallen into his hands, and anything might now be feared. The commercial republic of Venice chiefly suffered, and at her instance and prayers, after a fruitless naval expedition for the relief of Cyprus in the summer of 1570 (on which Cervantes probably served), a league was formed with the Holy See and Spain, May 20, 1571, in order that this spreading plague might at least be checked, if not exterminated. Under the command of Philip the Second's natural brother, Don John of Austria, the combined fleets sailed from Messina on the sixteenth of September, and on board the *Marquesa* was our hero. The Turkish fleet was sighted in the morning of October 7 in the gulf of Lepanto, and shortly after noon the attack began all along the line. Cervantes had been lying ill with fever, and his captain and his comrades bade him remain below, but Cervantes replied: 'Señores, on all the

occasions in his Majesty's wars that till now have offered themselves, I have served well, like a good soldier. So now I shall not do less, though weak and with fever. Better it is that I fight in the service of God and the king, and die for them, than keep under cover.' [32] He then asked to be placed in the position of greatest peril, and was posted to command twelve men in a long boat at or near the *Marquesa's* side.[33] The *Marquesa* herself was in the hottest of the action, on the left wing, attacking the flag-ship of the Admiral of Alexandria. Cervantes in the *Don Quijote* [34] describes what happens at such times: 'Lashed and locked together they leave but two feet of beak-head for the soldier to stand upon, but, though finding as many ministers of death confronting him as there are cannon not a lance-length off on the opposing ship, and though conscious that a slight misstep will land him in Neptune's bottomless gulf, none the less, impelled by the thought of glory, he bravely attempts to force a passage, making himself target to all that artillery the while. But what is chiefly to be admired is that scarce has one fallen whence he cannot be raised until the end of time, when another takes his

place, and should this second likewise drop into the jaws of death that await him, another succeeds and another, without pause between—spirit and daring unrivalled in all the exigencies of war.'

The fighting continued all the afternoon, but with the setting sun Christendom triumphed and the power of the infidel was broken. Fifteen thousand Christian slaves, serving the Ottoman oar, were set free. The *Marquesa* had vanquished the Egyptian galley, killed more than five hundred of the Turks on board of her, together with her commander, and seized the royal standard of Egypt. But Miguel de Cervantes, 'fighting very valiantly like a good soldier,' was wounded: two gunshot wounds in the chest and one that mutilated his left hand. On the thirtieth of October the armada returned to Messina with the wounded, and there and in Calabria the disabled men in Urbina's company passed that winter. Succeeding efforts of the League proved abortive, and the Turk again molested Christendom, but the moral effect of the battle of Lepanto made it an ever memorable occasion, since it was the first time the pagan power had been beaten at sea.

Cervantes never referred to the battle without a kind of exaltation: 'More blest the Christians that died there than those that lived and triumphed.'[35] And of himself he writes: 'He lost in the naval battle of Lepanto his left hand from a shot of an arquebuss—a wound which, although it appears ugly, he holds for lovely, because he received it on the most memorable and lofty occasion that past centuries have beheld—nor do those to come hope to see the like.'[36] 'If my scars shine not in strangers' eyes, at least they are respected by those knowing their origin; for better looks the soldier dead in battle than alive in flight. So firmly do I hold this that if here and now they offered me such an impossibility, rather would I be found in that mighty action, than not and free of wounds. The scars a soldier wears on his face and breast are stars rather, leading others to a heaven of honour and the hope of deserved praise.'[37]

When the spring came, Cervantes was well enough to enter the ranks again, this time in Captain Manuel Ponce de Leon's company in the regiment of Lope de Figueroa. During his convalescence he had received grants-in-aid

amounting to eighty-two ducats, and now that he was again entering service he received a three-ducats-per-month increase of pay for his gallantry at Lepanto. He sailed with part of the fleet under Marco Antonio Colona for the Archipelago, June 6, 1572. Don John of Austria followed on August 9, and, the forces uniting, a month later half the Turkish fleet was found locked in the harbour of Navarino and could have been captured, but the pilots forgot to turn or missed count on the hour-glass and the Christians arrived too late. Yet on this expedition, so fruitless in other respects, a Turkish galley, the *Presa*, was seized by the Neapolitan flag-ship the *Loba*. The *Presa* was commanded by the grandson of a famous corsair Barba Roja who ‘ was so cruel and treated so harshly his Christian slaves at the oar that when they saw that the *Loba*, bearing down upon them, was sure to capture them, to a man they dropped their oars, and seizing their captain, who was upon the stantrel shouting to them to speed up, they tossed him from bench to bench, from stem to stern, and bit him so savagely that before he passed the mast his soul had passed to the lower world—such was, as I have said, the cruelty

wherewith he treated them and the hatred he inspired.'[38] The reader of Sancho's wingless flight from the stantrel on the galley in Barcelona harbour[39] will see that it was drawn from life.

This attempt to deliver Greece having failed and the League now being definitely dissolved, the Spanish fleet on September 21 of the following year, 1573, sailed from Palermo for the fortress of Goleta, already belonging to Philip the Third, and thence two thousand five hundred veterans, including four companies of Figueroa's regiment and our Cervantes, marched upon Tunis. They made the earth tremble with their muskets, says Vanderhamen; but this was not necessary, as the place had been abandoned by the Turks and the population had fled. The fleet returned to Palermo, leaving small garrisons at both forts, which fell into the hands of the Turks in August and September of the following year, 1574, before Don John and his fleet (with Cervantes on board) could come to the garrison's relief.

In the summer of 'seventy-five Don John gave Cervantes leave to return to Spain, addressing a letter to the king, speaking of the soldier's distinguished merits and services and asking

that he be put in command of one of the companies then forming in Spain for Italy. Like Don Quijote Cervantes deemed himself born under the influence of the planet Mars and his career to be that of a soldier. He set sail from Naples on board the galley *Sol* bound for Spain, but on September 26 this galley and two others, separated from the rest of the flotilla, were attacked by three corsair galleys off Marseilles, and in a fight which lasted sixteen hours, if a description in the *Galatea* [40] reproduces it at all faithfully, in which, in any case, Cervantes fought with his natural bravery, the *Sol* was overpowered, the captain and many others were killed, and Cervantes, his brother, and other Spaniards were taken from the *Sol* and carried off to Algiers, to serve as slaves at the oar or to be held for ransom. Cervantes was among the latter, since the letter from Don John and another of the same character from the viceroy of Naples gave promise of a large sum.

Algiers in those days was a polite name for hell. Twenty-five thousand slaves toiled under merciless masters, who withheld from them sufficient food. The streets of the city were

choked with the bodies of those that had perished of starvation or terrible disease. One of the captives records: 'Great are the miseries, labours, tortures and martyrdoms suffered these days by captive Christians in the power of Turks and Moors, chiefly in Algiers.'[41] And Cervantes himself records how, herded together in so-called baths, these slaves lived out their wretched existence. 'But though hunger and nakedness tormented us at times, nothing pained us so much as to hear and see each day the never-seen and unheard-of cruelties that my master used toward our brother Christians. Every day he hanged one of his captives, impaled this one, cropped the ears of another, and this with so little occasion and so frequently without it that the Turks knew that he did it solely for the sake of doing it and through being by nature the murderer of the entire human race.'[42] This is said of the viceroy or king of Algiers, Hassan Pasha.

Of this sweet society then Cervantes became a member in the autumn of 1575. His first master was Dalí Mamí, nicknamed Limpy, the Albanian renegade that had captured him on the *Sol*. He was mean and cruel, and having

power of life and death over his captives treated them accordingly. 'The lot of the captive,' says Cervantes, 'is alone enough to sadden the merriest heart on earth,'[43] and when that lot fell, as it did with him, amid all the miseries that then obtained in Algiers, where the sun in summer and the sand-laden sirocco are in themselves terrible things, it is no wonder that his sole thought was of escape. 'Never forsook me the hope of regaining my freedom, and when the issue of what I planned, thought out and attempted, did not correspond with the intention, straightway without despairing I sought out and found another hope to sustain me, faint and feeble though it was,' he says through the mouth of the Captive. His first attempt at escape was overland to Oran (then belonging to Spain) in the company of other Christian captives. The Moor whom Cervantes had engaged to guide them deserted them on the second day, and they were obliged to return to Algiers. Cervantes was confined more closely and his chains were doubled. This was in 1576.

In the spring of 'seventy-seven Cervantes began operations again. He approached a

Spaniard named El Dorador, or the Gilder, who carried messages for Limpy to a friend living three miles out of Algiers on the sea-coast. In this friend's garden Cervantes got the Gilder and Juan, the slave-gardener, to dig a cave, and into this cave, dark as a wolf's mouth, Cervantes began stowing away Christian captives, probably borrowing from Christian merchants the money wherewith he bought food to send them by the Gilder. Fourteen were thus stowed away, and some had been there five months, when in August Cervantes' brother Rodrigo was ransomed with 300 gold crowns, sent by his family for the ransom of Cervantes himself, but which, not being sufficient, was, at his instance, devoted to ransoming the brother. With Rodrigo he arranged that a barque should be sent from Spain to carry off the dwellers in the cave. Cervantes himself escaped to the cave eight days before the barque arrived on September 28 at midnight. The rescuers were about to land, when some Moors, observing them, raised an alarm, and they were obliged to put to sea. The Gilder, two days later, turned traitor and revealed the plot to the king of Algiers. The cave was surrounded with armed men,

but Cervantes called to them: 'None of these Christians here is to blame, since I alone am the author of this affair and induced them to escape.' Juan the gardener was strung up by one foot, and Cervantes, when led before the king, was threatened with torture if he did not inculpate others in the plot. But he persisted that he alone was responsible, and Hassan, deferring punishment, bought the conspirator of Limpy for 500 gold crowns and put him in chains. 'So long as I have the maimed Spaniard in my possession, my Christians, ships, aye, the city itself, are safe,' the tyrant is said to have remarked.

Cervantes did indeed, like Don Quijote[44] after him, contemplate an uprising among the twenty-five thousand slaves then in Algiers, that, with help from Spain, this plague-and-torment spot might be redeemed; nor was this plan thought quixotic at the time, but through the perfidy of others it failed, as well as two other plans for escape, one in March 1578, another in September 1579. For the plot of 'seventy-eight Cervantes was condemned to two thousand blows; for that of 'seventy-nine he was kept in chains for five months. In addition to this con-

finement of five months, and the previous one of at least as long a period, four times during his five years of captivity was Cervantes on the point of death, either by being impaled or hooked or burned alive;[45] yet all this he escaped and the two thousand blows. So cruel was Hassan the murderer that if a captive attempted to escape or harboured or helped another he was hung or lost his ears and nose. A like fate his friends feared for Cervantes; yet the king remitted all—such power had this slave over his owner, such was 'his peculiar grace in all things,' as another at Algiers testified,[46] 'because he is so prudent and thoughtful.' 'His noble, Christian, honest and virtuous character made him rightly envied of the other captives,' said another; his conduct 'gained him renown, honour and crown among the Christians'; and of his captivity and deeds, says the Archbishop Haedo, a particular history might be made.

'None did more good among the captives than Cervantes, or showed more honour among them'; some, renegades, he tried to restore to the true faith; to others, poor captives, he gave to eat and tried to stay the ill-treatment of

their masters;[47] to others he sent verses which he had composed 'in praise of Our Lord, his Blessed Mother, the Most Holy Sacrament and other holy things worthy of our devotion.' For himself the great lesson of these five years was, as he says,[48] the lesson of patience in adversity. But all losses were to be restored, all sorrows have their end: in September 1580, he was ransomed when already in chains and irons to be shipped to Constantinople, as Hassan the murderer had been relieved of his post and was taking his slaves with him. The amount paid was 500 crowns, half of which had been raised by the family, and most of the remainder was contributed by Spanish merchants in Algiers. Before leaving for Spain Cervantes asked Father Juan Gil, who had arranged for his ransom, that an inquiry should be held into his conduct while in captivity, since a Dominican by the name of Blanco de Paz, who had divulged one of his plots for escape, had maligned him, and Cervantes wished to leave with a clean record. The inquiry was held, twelve persons answered the twenty-five questions put to them, and Cervantes not only came off clear, but record was left, against all calumniators, of his exceeding worth as a man. On October 24

he sailed for home, and landing at Denia, near Valencia, he and his comrades (if a passage in one of his stories[49] be reminiscent) 'leaped on shore, which with tears of joy they kissed again and again.'

CHAPTER IV

His Prime, 1581–1602

'Liberty, Sancho, is one of the most precious gifts given of the skies to men; with it no treasure that the sea covers or the earth confines may be compared. For liberty as for honour a man can and should stake his life, since the direst of evils is captivity.'[50] Yet for Cervantes it could not have been an unmixed evil, since the patience that he learned in his adversity must often have stayed him in the next five and twenty years, through every form of discouragement and despair: the years that for most men are the years of their prime, but which for Cervantes were strewn with barren failures. Yet these were the years that gave him his Spain, which he was destined to perpetuate in his writings for all men for ever.

Cervantes seldom refers to this period himself, and we shall but chronicle the succession of events as they are recorded in the state and civic

documents of the time. He returned then, in the latter part of 1580, a one-handed soldier of thirty-three years, of medium height and bearded like the pard. He was 'in the garb of those that come back ransomed from captivity, with a mark of the Trinity on their breast, in token that they have been liberated by the charity of their redeemers, the Padres Redentores.'[51] 'Joy was stirred in their hearts and their spirits were stirred with the satisfaction which is one of the greatest there can be in this life, to arrive safe and sound in one's own country.'[52] 'They repaired to Valencia and there formed in procession and walked to the cathedral to give thanks.'[53] Miguel soon set out for Madrid, where his family, who had beggared themselves for his ransom, were still giving information in court with regard to money still owing therefor. Eleven years before, September 1569, a warrant had been issued condemning a Miguel de Cervantes to have his left hand cut off and to be exiled from the capital for ten years. At this capital after an absence of eleven years there now arrives her son, Miguel de Cervantes, his left hand gone ('for the greater glory of his right'),[54] not cut off by the king's justice,

but lost heroically in battle in the service of the king.

We next hear of him at Thomar in Portugal, where on May 21, 1581, he was paid fifty ducats toward the expenses of a journey to Oran, whither he went in the king's service, bearing messages from the alcaide of Mostaganem. On June 26 he is back again and at Cartagena receives the second fifty ducats due for the expenses of his journey. Nothing is heard of him in 1582; by the autumn of 1583 he is in Madrid, and before the end of the year had finished his pastoral in mixed prose and verse, the *Galatea*; in February 1584 he received the licence to print it, and in June sold the copyright for 1336 reals. It is poor and a pastoral. On December 12 he married Catalina de Salazar y Palacios at Esquivias, a village a little to the north of Toledo, on the road to Madrid. Cervantes was thirty-seven years of age, Catalina nineteen. Her dowry reads like an auction-list and comprised five small newly-planted vineyards, situated in various parts of Esquivias, eighty-three lots of household furniture, and an orchard, together with four beehives, forty-five hens and chickens, a cock, a crucible, etc., etc. If she was poor,

Cervantes was poorer, and the death of his father six months later left him little, if any, better off. No children resulted from this marriage, and the pair never, even after a patron appeared, were in easy circumstances, yet after twenty-five years the wife wrote of 'the great love and good fellowship we have had together' (*el mucho amor y buena compañia que ambos tenido*).[55]

During these years of the middle 'eighties Cervantes wrote for the stage at Madrid and two of his plays of this period *Los Tratos de Argel* and *La Numancia*, have come down to us. The latter is redeemed by a few imaginative touches. His triumph was short-lived, and the need of earning his bread drove him south to Andalusia, where from 1587 he collected bread, wheat, barley, oil, and other stores for the Armada, both before and after its defeat (1588). He made Seville his centre, making little tours through the country villages and towns, armed with commissary-papers, which called upon the local officials to give him due and necessary aid. Documents of the various commissions still exist, together with Cervantes' vouchers for his daily collections. Indispensable to the future author of *Don Quijote*

was this movement from town to village, from village to town, with its accompanying roadside scenes and adventures;[56] but the work itself was late in being paid, and the natural kindliness of the man must at times have been sorely tried by the reception that he met with. His first *faux pas* was to seize at Écija some bread, wheat and barley belonging to the Cathedral of Seville, for which excessive zeal he was excommunicated. Yet excommunication was perhaps more easily borne than the temperature of Écija, which often rises to 120°; but there, on 'the frying-pan of Spain,' Cervantes kept at it during the summer of 1588, and altogether, off and on, for six years he continued this store-collecting in Andalusia. His pay was at first twelve reals a day, and then, after the defeat of the Armada, ten reals, or about half-a-crown a day, but the purchasing power of money was greater then. 'These last years at Segovia,' says a contemporary MS.,[57] 'a pair of shoes with two soles cost three reals.' Sancho worked as a farm-hand for Tomé Carrasco at less than a real a day and food. You could be buried, though very simply, for twelve reals.[58]

His salary was constantly in arrears; in November 1590, when he borrowed money to buy

a suit of clothes, part of his salary had been owing over two years. On the other hand, his vouchers, as examined by accountants, showed from time to time a deficit. On one occasion the amount was paid by his sureties ; on another it was allowed to hang fire. Still his appointment was renewed, he was apparently much thought of by his superiors, and when in 1594 he was appointed collector of royal tithes and taxes in arrears in the kingdom of Granada, his salary was raised to sixteen reals a day. His task could not have been an easy one, least so in a state rotting as rapidly as Spain was at that time. The people could have felt little pleasure or patriotism in beggaring themselves that a self-indulgent court might wage fruitless wars. But Cervantes may have made his task the harder by overzeal on the one hand—he was imprisoned at Castro del Río in September 1592 for fault found with his methods, and one of his commissions urges him to ' go slowly '—and on the other hand he was probably too careless of details. Careful of the large, he had a godlike disregard for little things, in his work as well as in his writings.

And he trusted too much to others. In 1591

one of his deputies forced open the doors of the state granaries at Teba. This made more trouble, but Cervantes assumed the responsibility for the action. At the end of 1594, having finished his tax-collecting in Granada, he entrusted 7400 reals to a Sevillian banker, Simon Freire de Lima, who gave him a bill for the same payable on Madrid. This banker went bankrupt and absconded and Cervantes was held responsible for the amount. This he could not pay himself, or find others to pay for him, until January 1597. In September of this year he was ordered to find sureties that he would present himself at Madrid within twenty days and there submit to the exchequer vouchers for all official monies collected by him in Granada and elsewhere. In default of sureties he was committed to Seville jail, but was released on the first of December on his plea that he could, and on condition that he did, find sureties within thirty days, since the exchequer took into consideration that his accounts were short only 79,804 maravedís. He now tried to get his papers together, some of them being with his agent at Malaga, but there is no indication that he went to Madrid either then, or in 1599, when

he was again summoned, nor do we hear of any more commissions after 1594.

These last eight of his fifteen years in Seville he probably lived from hand to mouth,[59] sometimes borrowing, sometimes loaning, perhaps taking up again the small business of a notary, which he had practised for a time in 1585 at Seville, before his commissions, and which he later engaged in at Valladolid, making ends meet as best he could. Account was again taken of his indebtedness in September 1601, and he was therefor put in prison at Seville the following year, for what length of time we do not know. Orders for his release were sent from Valladolid, whither the new king, Philip III., had removed his court. There in February 1603 Cervantes appears. Whether or no he was able to explain away his indebtedness we cannot say. In any case he was unmolested, since this is the year of the composition of the first part of *Don Quijote*.

CHAPTER V

The First Part of *Don Quijote*

'Blessed be mighty Allah!' exclaimed Hamet Benengeli at the opening of the eighth chapter of the second part; 'blessed be Allah!' he exclaimed three times, since Don Quijote and his squire were at last on the road. So might he here exclaim if he were writing this biography, for now we have Cervantes at Valladolid at the beginning of the year 1603, with table clear for the opening chapter of *Don Quijote*, a work in comparison wherewith, at least in comparison with its value to the world, all Cervantes' past labours, his bravery in battle, his vigilance in captivity, his tribulations in earning a livelihood, sink into insignificance, even as they probably did in his mind. Great and memorable as his past was, the world would not long have remembered it had it not been for what was to come.

I say the table was clear, but perhaps only a corner of it, since tradition, so often correct in

the spirit, if not in the letter, covers the rest of it with the sewing-materials of the women of the household. As a matter of fact we know that the Valladolid apartment was small, that Cervantes was poor and in debt, and that on the eighth of February of this year he signed a receipt for the amount due his sister Andrea for underclothing she had made for the Marquis of Villafranca. There at any rate in calle del Rastro on the first floor in the year 1603 and at the rate of a chapter or two a week, with but the stump of a left hand to hold down the leaves of his note-book, this middle-aged, silver-bearded, weather-beaten soldier and provision-collector wrote the first part of *Don Quijote* and made himself immortal. I say the first part was surely written in the year 1603; but though I hinted at this date several years ago in the *Athenæum*,[60] no other editor or biographer has so worked it out, so this must be another nut for the reader to crack. If he find the proof inconclusive at any one point, he will, I feel confident, be moved by it as a whole, since it concerns itself not with one fact only but with half a dozen events that took place little if any before 1603 and with all of which

Cervantes in his first part shows himself acquainted; and the first part was printing in early 1604. The proof in detail is as follows:

(1) In the first chapter of the first part of *Don Quijote* we read: 'On even better terms was he with Bernardo del Carpio, who at Roncesvalles choked the enchanted Roland, after the manner of Hercules with Terra's son Antæus.' This, I maintain, is an echo of a passage in the second act of Lope de Vega's play *El Casamiento en la Muerte*, where Bernardo del Carpio, when choking Roland, cries: 'Thou shalt die (though Count, thou art enchanted), like Terra's son in the arms of Hercules the Theban.' Though the earliest extant edition of this play of Lope's is in the 1604 edition of *Part I* of his *Comedies*, there is reason to suppose that there was an edition of his *Comedies*, *Part I* published in 1603 at Saragossa. (2) In chapters eight and nine Cervantes raises the question of all Biscayans being gentlemen, calls a Biscayan Don Sancho, makes him trip in his speech and gives him the surname of his village—all with reference to the *False Second Part of Guzman de Alfarache*, a book published in 1602.[61] (3) In the *Athenæum* article above

referred to I argued that the first part of *Don Quijote* was written later than 1599, for the reason that in this year appeared the first part of the true *Guzman de Alfarache*, who was blanketed like a dog at Shrovetide until his blanketers were weary, precisely as Cervantes makes Sancho blanketed. Some have thought this might be a coincidence, but no, not so; for Cervantes makes Sancho drink a little wine afterwards for refreshment even as Guzman did, and still more makes him doubt that the blanketers were phantoms, mimicing Guzman who says: 'I wondered were they phantoms . . . . . it seemed to me they could not be.'[62] It is, however, in the character of Ginés de Pasamonte that Cervantes chiefly travesties Guzman. Both characters are galley-slaves, both wrote their lives in the galleys where, they say, there is leisure, and both promise a continuation of their biographies. Throughout his first part Cervantes shows a familiarity with the first part of *Guzman*, 1599; but he also clearly betrays that he had read the second part of Aleman's work, which was printed in the year following, May 6, 1603, and which must have been written as late as 1602, since it refers often and directly

to the *False Second Part of Guzman de Alfarache*, published in 1602.

How, it may be asked, does Cervantes, in his first part, show familiarity with the true second part of *Guzman*? I will cite three[63] instances, the citations from the *Don Quijote* being from the twenty-second chapter. Says Sancho: 'Here comes a chain of prisoners on their way to the galleys by force of the king's orders.' And Don Quijote remarks: 'By force do you say? is it possible that the king employs force against any man?' To which the squire returns: 'I didn't say just that, but that this gang as penalty for their crimes are bound to serve the king in his galleys perforce.' Now all this is rather pointless until we see that it is at the expense of Guzman, who (II, iii, c. viii) says: 'And it had to be by force, since we (galley-slaves) were not able, though we wished, to arbitrate and choose.' Again, in the first part of *Don Quijote*, one of the galley-slaves says that he stole a washwoman's basket of linen, and that though he ran and dropped it, he was caught in the act and was punished with lashes. But this very thing happens to Savavedra in the true second part of *Guzman*.[64]

Finally, Ginés, objecting to being called Ginesillo (even as Guzman is called Guzmanillo) says to the taunting guard of the chain-gang: 'If you think not, by the life of me! but stay—for some day the stains you got at the inn yonder will show in the suds.' There has been no mention of any inn or stain in the *Don Quijote*; Cervantes' reference is, of course, to the true second part of *Guzman*, where (same book and chapter as the first citation) the galley-slaves steal some pigs from a small boy on the road. 'When we arrived at the inn for the siesta, the guard asked that we divide the stolen goods with him: as he had been an assentor, so was his share the same as each aggressor's.'

If all this [65] were not enough to convince us that the first part of *Don Quijote* was written as late as 1603, there is the fact that Blas de Aytoma published at Cuenca in 1603 various couplets, and among them a delightful song on the saboyana or Savoy petticoat, beginning, 'Buy me a Savoy petticoat, husband, so may God keep you,' which mandate is the inspiration of Teresa Panza's greeting to Sancho in the last chapter of the first part: 'Friend . . . what Savoy petticoat do you bring me?'

It is interesting to see how very soon after their publication Cervantes read the books of his day, and how immediately little points that struck him in reading them passed naturally into the composition of the *Don Quijote*. The second part of *Guzman* was in his hands even before its publication, even before its licence to be printed; such was the delay which books, though already in print, were subjected to in Spain at this time.[66] The first part of *Don Quijote* was a printed book before May 26, 1604, showing that it had left Cervantes' hands in MS. by the end of the year 1603 or very early in 1604; yet it did not receive its licence to be printed until September 26 of the later year.

This fastening upon 1603 as the date of composition of the first part may seem one of those results that, according to Don Quijote, 'even when known and proven are not worth a chip either to the understanding or to the memory.'[67] But, as so often with the minutiæ of scholarship, this particular fact bears on a larger aspect of the book. Knowing that Cervantes was writing in 1603, we now can give assent to the theory of Rawdon Browne (*Athenæum*, April 12, 19, 1873) that in the three

ass-colts out of five which were to recompense Sancho for the loss of Dapple, Cervantes is mocking the three out of five very young princes of Savoy, who in the summer of 1603 came on a visit to their uncle Philip III at Valladolid where Cervantes was writing, coming as a pledge of the loyalty of their father, Charles Emmanuel of Savoy. Cabrera,[68] the Court chronicler, writing under date August 9, 1603, says: 'The sons of the Duke of Savoy are expected to arrive next week.' Cervantes dates his bill-of-exchange for the ass-colts 'August 22, of the present year.'

The fact that Philip III does duty as Don Quijote in this episode raises the question as to what extent prominent persons of the day served as prototypes to the characters in Cervantes' masterpiece. And to this the answer should be that they served as prototypes only so long as they served our author's purpose. He had no one person long in mind, whether he were drawing from life or from characters in other books. The notes[69] to the first chapters of my translation will indicate how at first he frequently had in mind Saint Ignatius, by some thought to be mad, and to whom a monument

was erected in 1603 at Manresa. But soon Cervantes draws on Roland, then Don Quijote believes himself Carloto and Abindarraez; then and often Amadis is the pattern; but never continuously and seldom consistently, for Don Quijote and Sancho may alternately stand for the same character in the fiction their creator was deriding. The characters in the books of chivalry are so colourless that their inane acts and words easily lent themselves to any situation that Cervantes, in mockery of them, was depicting. And what is true of the first part of *Don Quijote* in this regard, is equally true of the second, where, for example, Ginés de Pasamonte, no longer the galley-slave Guzman or the thief Brunelo, as puppet-showman echoes [70] the dramatic standards of Lope de Vega. Standards, ideas, attitudes, incidents, customs, revealed to some extent in the life of his time, but chiefly as he found them expressed (whether absurdly or no) in the books he had been reading, were the warp and woof of Cervantes' narrative. His own wit could draw the characters, but it would seem as if when drawn they could not speak or act unless they were playfully reproducing the words or acts of others. A mono-

graph might be written on the marvellous skill with which Cervantes handles this extraneous material, weaving so deftly that were it not that the reader's attention is called thereto by the notes, he would never suspect how continuously the appropriation was going on. Cervantes' power of adaptation follows close on the heels of his power of creation and constitutes his second glory. We referred to it at the beginning of this study; we shall refer to it again when we treat of the use he made of the *False Second Part of Don Quijote*. At present other problems are pressing, and the one we shall now present, the most baffling of all, asks for the reader's strictest attention and clearest morning hour.

The first edition of the first part of *Don Quijote* was printed at Madrid before May 20, 1604. Another edition was printed there before February 9, 1605. In the first there is no description of the loss of Sancho's ass, and yet it is clearly to be seen that he was lost and Sancho in his embassy to Dulcinea is obliged to ride Rocinante; nor is there in this first edition any account of the recovery of Dapple, yet, after an interval, he reappears in the narra-

tive and Sancho comes home mounted upon him. Some one had blundered, presumably the author, since the printer would not through carelessness have happened to omit both passages, each about a page long. He might have overlooked one passage, but not two passages several chapters apart dealing with the same subject. If both passages were in the copy before him, he was certain not to omit both. If only the second, the recovery of Dapple, was there, he might have taken it upon himself to omit it, since there had been no description of Dapple's loss. I think we may safely say that either one or both passages were lacking when the manuscript came into his hands. How then could Cervantes have been so careless as to omit either or both of these incidents, each necessary to the understanding of the narrative? In the books of chivalry many things are taken for granted, but it seems unlikely that Cervantes merely for the sake of imitating them would have so imposed upon his readers. A more plausible explanation is that the losing of Dapple was an afterthought, and that intending to supply it he wrote on as if it had taken place and then forgot his omission. He may not have intended

that Dapple should be lost until the happy thought struck him of turning the princes of Savoy into ass-colts, the sending for which ass-colts made the loss of Dapple necessary. The printer then, finding only the description of the recovery, might very naturally have omitted it (since there had been no description of the loss), as we indicated above. This general theory is a little strengthened by the fact that the loss of Dapple, as we now have it, was almost surely not part of the original manuscript.[71] Cervantes himself, be it said, would never tell how the mistake happened, sometimes blaming himself, sometimes the printer, and again both together. In making a joke of the whole matter and throwing dust into other persons' eyes, he blinded his own.[72]

Whatever attitude we take toward this first half of the problem does not prejudice our attitude to the second and more momentous half. No sooner was the first edition in circulation than the blunder was noticed,[73] and in the second edition, printed within a year of the first, the omissions were supplied. Were these supplied by Cervantes? A few, who swear by the text of the first edition as the only one to

guide us, naturally assume that they were not, though there is not the slightest reason for this supposition, and there is every reason for supposing the contrary. The passages themselves [74] are in Cervantes' happiest manner. Who else could have written, 'Ginés ventured to steal Sancho Panza's ass, considering Rocinaante equally worthless for pawn or sale'? But what makes the position of the first-editioners untenable is that even as the stealing of the ass and of Don Quijote's sword by Ginés de Pasamonte is modelled on the theft of Sacripante's horse and Marfisa's sword by Brunelo,[75] so Sancho's welcome to Dapple is equally reminiscent of *Orlando Innamorato*. Sancho says: 'How hast thou fared, my darling, thou Dapple of mine eye, my comrade?' and the ass 'did not answer a word.' So Orlando, on the recovery of Bayardo, says: [76] 'But tell me, good steed, where is Rinaldo? where is thy master? do not speak falsely.' Thus spake Orlando, 'but the steed could not give reply to the knight.' Trust Cervantes and him alone for an imitative stroke of that kind.

It does not of course follow that, because Cervantes supplied the loss and recovery of

Dapple, he is therefore responsible for all the changes in the second edition over the first; but those that are in themselves reasonable at least *may* be his, and indeed where they commend themselves should be accepted. This also applies to the third Madrid edition, 1608, which is also at times truly corrective. The Spanish Academy's last edition, 1819, which counts the loss and recovery of Dapple as coming from the author, leaves, as regards text, only a little to be desired, and my translation and the notes will show the few places where I have departed from it. Always the desideratum in Cervantesque scholarship is not a new text reproducing the negligible variants of editions of no authority, but closer reading in all the literature to which Cervantes had access, that the hundred allusions which still escape us may be reduced to a score.

Cervantes had proceeded a few chapters beyond the loss of Dapple when his invention failed him, and remembering how in *Guzman de Alfarache* irrelevant tales are introduced, he resorted to the same device and introduced a few short stories. It was the one fatal mistake of his life. The longest of these stories is especially poor and gives an unpleasant flavour to the whole book,

while the tale told by the Captive introduces just that element of realism from which we seek relief in works of the imagination. Moreover, to make the story less vital the Captive meets his long-lost brother, and either Don Quijote is forgotten or the narrative becomes as helpless as those romantic ones that Cervantes so greatly deplored. No sooner was the first part of *Don Quijote* published when the public cried out [77] against this wilful mutilation of a work of art otherwise so rare, and in his second part [78] Cervantes not only acknowledges the justice of the criticism but is careful not to repeat his mistake. Critics of all shades of opinion have agreed with him, and so many readers have found the extraneous material a stumbling-block that I have not hesitated to exclude it from my translation.

Cervantes next [79] turned to a criticism of the drama of his day, and thus was bound to say what he thought of that prodigy of nature, Lope de Vega, who wrote a million lines but not one mighty one. Cervantes is never at his best in constructive criticism, and often praises where no praise is deserved; but in destructive criticism, as in his excoriation of the books of chivalry, he is usually to be trusted, and his strictures on the

art of the great dramatist are just and measured. Lope had published in 1602 *New Way of Writing Comedies*, in which he apologised for writing to the gallery;[80] giving its argument Cervantes shows to what degradation of the theatre its practice had already led. He does it in good faith and humour, and with none of the malice which might be presupposed in one who had failed where Lope so conspicuously succeeded.

Lope's pamphlet, we have said, appeared in 1602[81] and is another proof, if any were needed, that Cervantes was writing later than that year. The first part of *Don Quijote* was finished near the end of 1603, the rights were sold to Robles, a Madrid bookseller, and the book, cheaply set up and frightfully punctuated and as yet without the necessary royal licence to print, was received (two copies) by the Brotherhood of Printers before May 26, 1604,[82] such copies of books being contributed by the printers for the increase of the funds of the Brotherhood and being frequently made up of the proof-sheets of the book proper, blank pages being left for the preliminaries. Another copy soon found its way into the hands of Lope de Vega, perhaps coming from Cervantes himself, one of the score or more which authors were in the habit of re-

ceiving. Lope and Cervantes had been friends, the latter having contributed a most graceful sonnet in praise of the author of *La Dragontea*.[83] But this friendship was to receive a set-back, for Lope winced under the criticism of his dramatic art. From Toledo, on August 14, 1604, he wrote to a physician-friend: 'Of the poets I do not speak . . . but there is none so bad as Cervantes and no one so witless as to praise *Don Quijote*. . . . To satire I am coming step by step: a thing more hateful to me than my little books to Alimendares and my comedies to Cervantes.'[84] There is reason[85] to suppose that Cervantes saw this letter, and that he replied with his Prologue, in which the snobbery and false pedantry of Lope are held up to ridicule. The first part then was being read during the summer of 1604 at Toledo and elsewhere. It is also mentioned in one of the verses preliminary to *La Pícara Justina*, whose copyright is dated August of this year.[86] The *Don Quijote* copyright followed on September 26, and the final royal *tassa* on December 20. This first part, both first and second Madrid editions, bears the date 1605, and was sold from the shop of Francisco de Robles, bookseller to the king.

Its reception was immediate. Two piratical

editions at once appeared at Lisbon, two the same year at Valencia, and so on. In 1605 an obscure Portuguese,[87] writing a diary of events at Valladolid from Holy Week to the end of July, says: 'A Don Quijote, clad in green, tall, thin, languid, while walking out espied some women beneath a poplar. The Don Quijote was at once on his knees as if making love to and wooing them. . . . More than 200 persons gathered around, such and so many being the gibes and jests at the expense of the gentleman and his attitude that they could not be more. But he was silent as Sancho and continued in his fervid devotion.'

And not only were Don Quijote and Sancho recognised types within six months of the book's formal publication, but their names served as sobriquets to persons of Philip the Third's court. Thus some lines attributed to Gongora, describing the extravagant reception accorded the English legate in May–June 1605, upon the occasion of the birth of an heir to the throne, at the end say: 'Don Quijote, Sancho Panza and his ass were ordered to write up these deeds.'[88] Such were the beginnings of the book's hold upon the world.

CHAPTER VI

The Interval, 1605–1613

Isabel de Saavedra first comes into view on August 9, 1599, at Madrid, where and when she and her sister Ana Franca apply for a guardian, since, as they explain, their father Alonso Rodriguez and their mother Ana Franca are dead, leaving the two girls 'over twelve years but under twenty-five.' Two days later, August 11, her newly-appointed guardian puts Isabel out at service to Cervantes' sister Magdalena, for a period of two years. There is no indication that our hero, Don Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra, came from Seville to be present at these undertakings. The next we hear of Isabel is in June 1605 at Valladolid, where she is living with Cervantes, his wife, his two sisters and his niece. There and then one sister refers to Isabel as Cervantes' daughter, another as his natural daughter, and the niece refers to her as her cousin. Isabel on this occasion swore that

she was twenty years of age and could not write her own name. Three years later, November 17, 1608, she can do so.

On August 28, 1608, she appears as the widow of Diego Sanz, and in her last will, dated September 19, 1652, she refers to 'Diego Sanz del Aguila, my first husband.' On the previous date, August 28, 1608, she signs a marriage-contract with three others: her prospective husband Luis de Molina on one side, and Juan de Urbina and Cervantes on the other, these last agreeing to settle two thousand ducats as her dowry, to be paid within the next three years, and Urbina mortgaged property as security. They also allow Molina and Isabel the use of a certain house as their home in Madrid so long as the Sanz child (a girl eight or nine months old) remain unmarried, etc., etc. This Juan de Urbina was secretary to the princes of Savoy, a married man and well on in years, old enough to be Isabel's father. He says that he gives the dowry 'for certain reasons that move him thereto.' Cervantes, the reputed father of Isabel, is apparently acting with him merely as his agent. The house is his own, Cervantes declares, bought with his money, and is to revert to him (Cervantes)

according to the contract, which plainly states that in case both Isabel and the Sanz child predecease him, ' Miguel de Cervantes may bequeath the said house to whom he pleases.' Clearly Cervantes was receiving a reward of some kind as well as the two others, for the house, according to a previous statement of his (not produced until six years after his death) had originally belonged to Urbina. Urbina provided a handsome trousseau for the bride, and it was he, not Cervantes, that paid the dowry at the end of the specified three years. In a will dated June 4, 1631, Isabel declares herself the daughter of Miguel de Cervantes and Ana de Rojas (not Ana Franca as she first said).

From all this some infer that Isabel de Saavedra was in reality the natural child of Cervantes and (combining the names of the two Anas) Ana Franca de Rojas ; and since on July 1, 1605, Isabel testified that she was twenty, these biographers put her birth down as in the year 1585, ' the year following Cervantes' marriage,' letting it be inferred that Cervantes had been unfaithful to his marriage-vow. But even if Isabel knew her age and stated it correctly, she must have been born at least as early as the first

half of 1585, whereas Cervantes was married in December 1584. But is there any reason to suppose that Isabel in 1605 stated her age correctly? She did not in 1639 when she said she was forty, which would have made her aged one when she went into service to Cervantes' sister. In those days people became dizzy the moment they were asked their age, and always dizzy in one direction: they habitually understated it. We have seen that Cervantes did; his sister Andrea testified that she was fifty, when she had already seen sixty; Magdalena also apparently was never born in the same year twice. Nor was this merely a family failing: it was national naïveté. Cases of this kind might be multiplied indefinitely from contemporary Spanish documents. When Lincoln was told before the election that he was likely to lose Maryland, he said that his feeling toward Maryland was much like that of the witness who, when asked his age, replied forty-nine. 'But,' the judge rebuked him, 'we have papers here showing you to be fifty-one.' 'Oh,' said the witness, 'that includes two years I spent in eastern Maryland. That was lost time; those years don't count.'

There may well have been years in Isabel's

life, therefore, that did not count, or at least that she did not count when on July 1, 1605, she said she was twenty. She may have meant that she was 'süss und zwanzig' as the Germans express it—and a few more. Other biographers, however, going by that date find in the book of the parish church at Esquivias (where Cervantes married Catalina, December 12, 1584) the baptismal certificate [89] dated March 30, 1585, of a child named Isabel of unknown parents, and they maintain on both feet that she was our Isabel de Saavedra, either the child of Cervantes and Catalina [90] born too soon or a child whom they afterwards adopted. In support of this last supposition there is the fact that there was at Esquivias an Ana Rodriguez, whose daughter Maria afterwards served as maid to the Saavedras. This Ana Rodriguez may be the Ana Franca, wife of Alonso Rodriguez, whose daughter the maid Isabel said she was. This combining of Anas is a game that anyone can play at.

But, for ourselves, we have no theory about Isabel. If we speak at length about her, it is because certain dismal and ill-minded enchanters, who can make things appear as they list, never give Cervantes or his family the benefit of a

doubt in matters of this kind. One in particular persecutes him beyond all bearing, gratuitously suggesting, for example, that the reason why Cervantes went to Italy was because his sister Andrea had nursed one of her father's patients and was rewarded therefor. Likewise here he takes pleasure in speaking of Ana whoever-she-was as Cervantes' 'mistress.' Isabel de Saavedra lived at most four years under Cervantes' roof, as he was approaching sixty, and nowhere in his writings does he suggest that she or her troubles in any way affected or interested him; yet we are told that these things help to explain his 'bland forbearance'; and in some biographies thirty pages are given to Isabel, four to *Don Quijote*. But, as we have said, we have had enough of Isabel; Oh, speak no more of Isabel! we are fed up on Isabel.

We came to call not on her but on Cervantes, and on this particular night, June 27, 1605, one is sure (from records of subsequent events) of finding him at home. The calle del Rastro is in a poor quarter of Valladolid, and the house, though new, is not large, and already has half-a-dozen families as tenants: the chronicler Garibay's widow and her two sons; Juana Gaitan,

a poet's widow; and so on—reputable persons most of them, but one never answers for one's neighbours, especially in a lodging-house. Cervantes, his wife, his two sisters, his niece, the Saavedra girl, and a maid occupy an apartment or quarter on the first floor. Señora de Cervantes is not at home, says the girl-maid, but she leads you to the master. His appearance is disconcerting: he is nearly sixty, hair chestnut, beard silver, few teeth, which loss a large and drooping mustache partially conceals but in no wise redeems. He has been reading, and a pair of cheap spectacles, which Lope de Vega compared to badly poached eggs,[91] rest on his aquiline nose. Moreover, this aging man stutters; and he looks the vicissitudes that his life has been. Yet this person is one of the great ones of the earth; and soon his power comes over you. With the spectacles off, the luminous eyes show what a world he has made his own. His mind's state is kingly and a thousand imaginations at its bidding speed.[92] And behind all that he says you feel something 'sad, high, and working.'

He is surrounded by his fame and is obviously pleased.[93] It is the first worldly triumph of his life. The only recognition or reward he

had ever previously received were those letters from Don John of Austria and the viceroy of Naples telling of his gallantry at Lepanto and his faithfulness as a soldier, and these letters only served to prolong his captivity. But now his name is on every one's lips, *Don Quijote* is in the hands of every one that can read. He asks which adventure you set most store by. You think the series of adventures at the inn, ending with Sancho's blanketing, perhaps the most finely conceived, though there are one or two touches you regret. These, he replies, are reminiscent of the books of chivalry—it was their filth as well as their fecklessness that he wished to expose. The same with the *Guzman*—when Don Quijote calls Ginés ' Ginesillo, you son of a bad woman ! ' he is branding the opening chapters that blot that very remarkable book. Those opening chapters were uncalled for and the moralisings and intercalated stories are of course dreadful, but he could never repay what he owed to *Guzman*.

You ask if he refers to the true second part of *Guzman* as well as to the first. He thought he had made that clear, not only by the reference to the stains got by the commissary at the inn,

but by putting the phrase 'Man proposes but God disposes'[94] into Ginés' mouth. But how, you ask, could he expect people to tell which way the debt lay if both his own book and the second part of *Guzman* were published the same year? On the surface, he replies, these things are not always apparent, though he should be sorry indeed if even a duenna did not see that in the character of Ginés he was travestying Guzman. To one who reads at all closely the derivation ought to be clear enough. His own style was flowing, yet when he came to speak of the punishments meted out to the galley-slaves, he changed his style to make it suit the remarkably terse manner in which Guzman tells of the sentence passed upon him.[95] Then again, immediately before the stains got at the inn, Guzman says: 'If this is suffered here, if such torture this chain, if so I feel this travail, if this passes in the green wood, what will be in the dry';[96] meaning what will our torments hereafter be. He, Cervantes, was struck with the use of the Christian phrase, and though he could not work it into his own galley-slave incident, it lingered in his mind till a few chapters[97] later when he came to write of Dulcinea, making Don

Quijote change the figure slightly and say: 'The thing is to go mad of myself, making my lady wonder, if so I act when dry, what shall I do when drenched.'

He could never repay, as he had said, the debt he owed to *Guzman*, the first true novel in the world. The power of its idioms, its proverbs, its rapid succession of incident, its very spirit of adventure, made *Don Quijote* possible. His own book was to have been a short story, but when he saw how the *Guzman* was selling, edition after edition, he broke his own tale into chapters and set out to make it what it was. As a result of this change, some of the opening chapters, the sixth for example, end weakly—the sixth ran right on into what is now the too abrupt beginning of the seventh, which also ends feebly. He wrote with no division into paragraphs, but in sense, in feeling, the paragraphs are there none the less. Every one was calling attention to his blunders, both in the matter of the ass and in the numberless false references to antiquity. There were too many it is true, but it must be remembered that to all intents and purposes his only university had been his own reading, that profane books were few enough in Spain,[98] that the

translations of the classics, on which he depended, were often at fault, and that though he supposed he knew the books of chivalry better than any other man before or since, he could not stop, when the fit was on him, to see if a character's name was Madásima or Grasinda.

He had written at white heat and his eye was ever on the movement of the story. How much worse would it have been had he forgotten, in the adventure of the wine-sacks, to wind 'about Don Quijote that bed-blanket, so utterly loathed (for reasons best known to himself) by Sancho Panza.' How much more just the criticism if, in the same incident, he had failed to leave Don Quijote's shirt-tail a hand short behind by reason of the rosary. But the rosary had to be changed—the Inquisition had said so.[99] It was this he ridiculed[100] the Holy Office for: not so much its mandate to 'turn or burn,' but its fussiness about little things. Ridicule was his weapon in all things: to shame people by showing what fools they made of themselves with their petty prides and pompous, swollen-headed ways.

As you come out into the Valladolid street that warm June evening more than three hundred years ago, there enters Simon Mendez, a

Portuguese come to see Cervantes on business, matters dealing with taxes or rents in the kingdom of Toledo, since Cervantes as at Seville turns an honest penny as a notary, if anything comes his way. Mendez leaves and by eleven the great man is in bed in the street-room. Suddenly from the street come cries of 'Cuchilladas, cuchilladas!' and the Garibay boys, rushing to their window, see a man at the door of the lodging-house calling for help. They descend with candle and find the man with drawn rapier covered with blood. They call to Cervantes, who rises, recognises the man as Gaspar de Ezpeleta, and helps the Garibays carry him upstairs to their apartment, where a bed is made for him on the floor. The ever-ready Isabel calls out of the window to two men who were passing: 'Will they not summon justice, for here's a man murdered!' One of the four alcaldes is summoned, and to him Ezpeleta merely says that he has been accosted by a stranger, with whom words passed, swords crossed, he received two wounds, and the stranger took to his heels.

Ezpeleta died the second morning. His page had given the proper clue, saying that his master had intrigued with the wife of a notary named

Galvan; but gossips upstairs slandered nearly every one in the neighbourhood, with the result that on the day of Ezpeleta's death Cervantes, his sister Andrea, his niece, the Saavedra girl, and seven other persons were put in the lock-up. Nothing came of it all, justice had barked up the wrong tree, and the prisoners were released on July 1; but the evidence taken before and during the trial throws interesting light on our hero. Particularly precious is the phrase with which Andrea sums up her brother: 'He writes, transacts business, and being very clever he has friends' (*escribe y trata negocios é por su buena habilidad tiene amigos*). The eighteen-year-old maid, however, knows nothing of these friends and men of affairs who come to see him; perhaps we should not have let her answer the door. Her testimony was that she had not seen anyone enter by night or day, that she had never accompanied her master and mistress to mass or elsewhere, that sometimes they go out altogether, sometimes by twos and threes, but they never take her, for she is left to guard the house, since they have no other servant than this witness.

Either because the dying man gave Cervantes' sister Magdalena a silk gown in return for her

nursing him the two nights and a day, to replace the coarse cloth one she was wearing, or else, and this is the more likely, because the Court moved to Madrid in 1606, Cervantes moved to Madrid also. There he is by (and perhaps a year or two before) the summer of 1608, and there he passed the last eight years of his life, with perhaps occasional little trips to his wife's home at Esquivias. But his worldly lot does not appear to have bettered itself. Before November 23, 1607, he had borrowed 450 reals from his publisher. In Madrid they kept moving from street to street, almost once a year. His sister Andrea died in 1609; she, her sister, Cervantes and his wife had become members of religious confraternities.[101] When Magdalena died in 1611, the burial-entry reads, 'She was so poor that she was buried by the Franciscans at a cost of 12 reals.' In September 1613 Cervantes sold his rights in the *Exemplary Novels* for 1600 reals, but probably some of this he had received years before. Even after he came under the patronage of Lemos, he is, through his illness, quite without money (*muy sin dineros*), he says;[102] and at this same time, the beginning of 1615, the official licenser of the second part of

Don Quijote could only tell of Cervantes that he was ' old, a soldier, a gentleman, and poor.'

Yet the privations of his poverty, such as they were (they still had a maid), must have been lightened by occasional attendance at the theatre, since he tells us of the plays of Lope de Vega, ' I have seen all of them given or at least have heard that they have been given.'[103] And we may be sure that here in Madrid as at Valladolid he wrote, and being very clever he had friends. Before July 2, 1612, he had finished the *Exemplary Novels*,[104] though the dedication and publication of them were delayed a year. These short stories, twelve in number, were the first short stories in Spain, if we except a few sporadic attempts, and some of them, notably *The Dogs' Colloquy*, were the first short stories in the world to subordinate the action of the narrative to the development and portrayal of character. *The Dogs' Colloquy* is as incomparably the world's finest short story as the *Don Quijote* is its finest novel. *Rinconete and Cortadillo* and *The Licentiate of Glass* are the next best of the *Exemplary Novels* and the others lag a little or a long way behind. Some are mere tales of love and adventure, not wholly exemplary,

at least to our own manners, but perhaps to those of the time. Cervantes was no doubt sincere when he wrote: 'If by any chance it come to pass that the reading of these novels could tempt anyone, who should peruse them, to any evil desire or thought, rather should I cut off the hand wherewith I wrote them, than bring them out in public.' The ending of one of the stories he changed in order to make it exemplary, and another, *The Feigned Aunt*,[105] he suppressed altogether. In theory, at least, Cervantes believed himself on the side of the angels in these matters, as he certainly was far ahead of his times. The first part of *Don Quijote* did not contain, in his opinion, 'the suggestion of an obscene word or a thought less than catholic.'[106] And of the consistently indecent *False Second Part* he wrote: 'The thoughts must be kept from things filthy and obscene, how much more the eyes.'[107]

In the Prologue to the *Novels* Cervantes speaks of his *Journey to Parnassus* as if completed (end of 1613), but it did not see the light until the end of 1614. It is a battle of the books of his day, written in verse and ridiculing or flattering without much discrimination. It is modelled on the *Viaggio in Parnaso*, 1582, of the Italian poet

Cesare Caporali, and in no way adds to Cervantes' reputation. Neither do his *Eight Comedies and Eight New Interludes*, 1615, nor his *Persiles and Sigismunda*, a long and rambling affair published by his wife, 1617, the year after Cervantes' death. The marvel is, not that this man, approaching seventy, should have written so assiduously, but that with the *Novelas* just finished and with books like the *Journey* and the *Persiles* still on hand, he should have found energy and health and spirits to write a book so much superior to them, namely, the second part of *Don Quijote de La Mancha*.

CHAPTER VII

The Second Part of *Don Quijote*, 1614–1616

After finishing the first part of *Don Quijote* Cervantes waited ten years before beginning the second part. And it is more than likely that the sequel would never have been written, had not a spurious continuation appeared. This came into Cervantes' hands toward the end of the year 1613, and he at once announced that his own true second part would shortly be ready.[108] As yet he had not written a word of it, and for a man already bending with age and the dropsy, shuffling in his gait, it was not a little to promise. But, he adds, who can put a curb on his ambitions? He could not let his true knight, with his heroic visions and resolves, be for ever coupled and confused in the world's thought with the chicken-hearted counterfeit. Cervantes kept his promise: within a year the true second part was done, and though Sancho

had warned him it would all be hurry, hurry, hurry, like the tailor on Easter Eve, this second part was done better than the first. It was a great achievement, for which we must thank not alone Cervantes but also the author of the apocryphal sequel—out of so grave an injury as he tried to work Cervantes has so great a blessing come.

And we must be grateful to Avellaneda, as he styled himself, not only because he was the means of stirring Cervantes into action, but because his book, coarse and clumsy though it was, contributed phrase and incident and even plot to the true second part. It was inevitable: any book that Cervantes read as intently as we may be sure he did this spurious *Don Quijote*, was bound to be reproduced in the true one. In this case it was but a return of the same compliment—Avellaneda pillaged right and left from the first part; Cervantes pillaged right and left from Avellaneda. At times as he does so he gives a passing dig; at other times he merely corrects him; now he will compliment him by accepting something the other has written; again he will pour out upon him his utter scorn. There was no attitude that Cervantes did not assume toward wretched Avellaneda, and no manner of ridicule

that he forgot to heap upon his book. But not for this did he cease letting his own narrative model itself upon it, in little things chiefly but also in the big. And yet this true second part of *Don Quijote* is not a warped narrative, nor was Cervantes' judgment warped or his nature soured by feeling and speaking as he did. It was all characteristic of the man—to be able to banter, deride, scorn, and still have himself left over. And in the matter of the appropriations he worked so skilfully (and yet with no intention to deceive) that for three hundred years most of them have escaped notice. It is the general belief that Cervantes did not see the false second part until he was writing his own fifty-ninth chapter, where he alludes to it by name. Yet from the first chapter the process had been going on.

What happened appears to be this. When in 1605 the first part of *Don Quijote* appeared, the reader will remember that Don Quijote and Sancho were fastened as nicknames upon certain persons of Philip the Third's court. Some have supposed that in Don Quijote Cervantes chiefly typified the Prime Minister, the Duke of Lerma; and the sobriquet Sancho Panza was imme-

diately given to the Duke's favourite, Luis de Aliaga, who was then confessor to the king. I say immediately, because Luis de Aliaga certainly was known as Sancho Panza sixteen years after, and I think we may assume that two persons of the court were not likely to be known popularly by the same epithet. Moreover, in 1613 Avellaneda in his preface to the *False Second Part of Don Quijote* wrote : ' I have endeavoured to provide the present comedy with the simplicities of Sancho Panza as interludes, though avoiding the offending of anyone and making a show of nicknames (*sinonomos voluntarios*).' This much at least is clear : that in 1605 some person of the court was called Sancho Panza, that in 1613 Sancho Panza is generally recognised as the nickname of someone and that person is offended, and that in 1621 or thereabouts Luis de Aliaga bears that name. The last reference is to some lines of the Count of Villamediana beginning : ' Sancho Panza the confessor of the now dead monarch,' and ending ' the inquisitor inquisitioned and the confessor confessed.'[109] Aliaga, born in Saragossa, of humble origin, had risen as a Dominican friar to be the king's confessor, by 1609 had supplanted

the Duke of Lerma in the king's confidence, and after several years direction of the worldly destinies of Spain, became, after Cervantes' death, Inquisitor General, and directed her spiritual welfare until the death of Philip III in 1621, when all of his ministers fell.

But this Aliaga is linked to *Don Quijote* in another way : he is supposed by many to be the pseudonymous Avellaneda, the author of the *False Second Part.* More strictly one should say he was supposed to be, forty years ago, for of late this conjecture has been abandoned by scholars, who, however, are not able to agree on any other person ; nor is the evidence in favour of any other nearly so strong as it is in favour of Aliaga : (1) The author of the *False Second Part* shows himself almost certainly to have been a Dominican ;[110] Aliaga was a Dominican. (2) Cervantes at once knew him to be an Aragonese, from certain tricks of style, and others have confirmed this ;[111] Aliaga was an Aragonese. (3) Avellaneda in his preface complains that Cervantes had injured him ; to be obliged to bear the name of Sancho Panza, whether given by Cervantes or voluntarily and perhaps falsely foisted upon one by the public, would make one

feel injured. (4) Avellaneda knows his Saragossa; Aliaga was almost surely born in Saragossa, in the parish of San Gil,[112] and Cervantes in his second part will not let Don Quijote set foot therein, though this had been his intention before the false part appeared.[113] (5) Aliaga, of low origin, ruled in the household of the king; Cervantes, in his second part, creates a character, the duke's ecclesiastic, of whom he says: 'One of those grave ecclesiastics that rule the houses of princes—one of those that, not being princes themselves, make sorry work of teaching behaviour to those that are; that would measure the greatness of the great by the pettiness of their own souls.'[114] If, as seems likely, Cervantes in this person had Aliaga clearly in mind, thoroughly Cervantesque is the touch when a few pages later the cleric says: 'Are you he they call Sancho Panza?'

(6) It has been noted that when the true Don Quijote and Sancho arrive at Barcelona, 'two small boys mischievously worked their way in among the crowd, and one raising Rocinante's tail and the other Dapple's, stuck bunches of furze (*aliagas*) under each.'[115] (There were two Aliagas, our Luis and his brother, the Arch-

bishop of Valencia.) Moreover (and this has not been noted) this entry of the true knight and squire into Barcelona is modelled on the entry of the false ones of Avellaneda into Toledo, where 'an incredible number of children followed' them.[116] Moreover (and this is again new evidence) Cervantes, just as he here plays on the (as we assume) true name of the author of the *False Second Part*, so he plays on the assumed name, in a passage also derived from Avellaneda. The false Sancho tells that his wife will shortly be fifty-three and adds that her face is a little dark from going in the sun. Cervantes takes his first opportunity to correct him as to Teresa's age, saying, 'She was not old, a trifle over forty perhaps,' but accepts the fact that she is nut-brown, sun-dried, because it permits him to employ a word of that signification, *avellanada*.[117]

The first four arguments go to show that Aliaga was the author of the *False Second Part*; the last three show even more conclusively that Cervantes thought or knew him to be. None of them is absolutely conclusive, and yet any two of them more than outweigh all the arguments brought forward to show that he was not, or

that someone else was. If we do not like finally to commit ourselves, I think we can at least back Aliaga against the present field and hope for some further evidence that will bring him home.

The second half of our thesis, namely, that Cervantes had the *False Second Part* in his hands before he had written a line of the true second part, is much more easy of demonstration: his own first chapter is built upon the first chapter of Avellaneda. The general situation of Don Quijote returning to his right mind is the same in each book, in each case the priest gives instruction as to his eating, in each case the food is nourishing, and both writers in their first chapters use the phrase, 'neither king nor Roque.' Extraordinary coincidence would it be if they hit upon the phrase independently; equally marvellous if they each independently hurried Sancho home to a meal. The words of the above parallels are not precisely the same—Cervantes usually goes his model at least one better. Where, for example, the false Sancho merely says his wife is keeping supper for him, the true one says: 'At present I am not going into tales or explanations, for a spasm in the stomach has overtaken me and unless I doctor it with two quaffs

of old musty, 'twill pin me on Saint Lucy's thorn. This same musty I have at home, mine old woman awaits me; dinner ended, I'll be back and answer any question you or anyone else may ask.'[118] Cervantes' art and method was to expand a thing almost to the breaking-point: he never dropped an idea until he had exhausted it.

Under Avellaneda, in the list of Sources at the end of my translation, I have indicated the apparent places where Cervantes uses or abuses his rival, and it will be clearly seen therefrom that the dependence of the true narrative upon the false one obtains not only in the first chapter as we have remarked, not only after the fifty-ninth chapter as has been commonly supposed, but throughout the whole book. We cannot stop to develop the parallels here—the notes to the translation do that for us; but in the notes only the apparent allusions are pointed out. There are many subtle ones in the early part of the book which show the author silently annoyed. 'Historians that make matter out of lies should be burned at the stake with counterfeiters.' 'Had he told things unbecoming the old Christian I am, the deaf would hear of it,' says

Sancho, referring openly to the first part, but also with an eye on the false second part, where Sancho is made a glutton and a boor. 'There's no book so bad but that it contains some good,' is said here in chapter three, but in chapter fifty-nine it is also said of the false part. Indeed, personally I am convinced that Cervantes knew of the *False Second Part* without its preface when he wrote as follows at the opening of the preface to his *Exemplary Novels*: 'I should like if it were possible, most loving reader, to excuse myself from writing this preface, because it was not so well for me with that I prefixed to my *Don Quijote* that I should be anxious to repeat the experience with this.' And at the end of the preface he writes: 'May God guard thee, and to me give the patience to bear the ill that many subtle and sprucely-draped men have to say of me.'

It is not necessary that the reader should assure himself as to this last argument—it is well that he should be convinced that the striking parallels all through the two *Quijotes* are not mere coincidences; otherwise he will not know what Cervantes is talking about. For example, in chapter nine of the true second part Sancho

says of the ballad-singing peasant met with in el Toboso : ' What has the chase of Roncesvalles to do with our affairs ? he could chant the ballad of Calainos and 'twould make no difference, so far as we're concerned.' What, we may ask, has the ballad of Calainos to do with the given situation ? why does Sancho mention that ballad rather than another ? There is nothing in the ballad itself to justify it. Sancho mentions it because in the seventh chapter of Avellaneda he saw written : ' Sancho was saddling and bridling . . . stringing together a thousand beginnings of old ballads without order or connexion. And on mounting he said with gravity : " *Ya cabalga Calainos, Calainos el infante.*" ' At times Cervantes puts in a phrase to show the reader that he is alluding to the other part, as the phrase ' by token ' when the puppet-showman, interpreting the ape, says of Teresa Panza : ' More by token she has by her left side a lipless pitcher containing a quantum of wine, and 'tis with this she cheers herself.' The pitcher is lipless, because Avellaneda (c. xii) says the lip had been worn off by Teresa's much drinking.

It was necessary to establish this dependence of the early as well as the later chapters of the

true second part upon the false second part (and the appropriations include whole scenes, plot, and counterplot)[119] before speaking of a matter which this dependence presupposes, a matter also presupposed by the dependence of the first part upon the second part of *Guzman*. And this is that books in Spain at this time were allowed to be printed before they received the licence to print, and were circulated privately months, and perhaps a year or more, before they were formally published with publisher's date, privilegio or copyright, *tassa*, and last of all the author's dedication and preface. This made it possible for Cervantes to see the second part of *Guzman*, a finished printed book, in 1603, and travesty it, although the *Guzman* did not receive its licence to print until September 1604. This made it possible for Cervantes to see Avellaneda's sequel at the end of 1613 or early 1614, although that book was not licensed until July 1614. This made it possible for Cervantes' own first part to be received (two copies, the first sixteen pages left blank for the preliminaries)[120] by the Brotherhood of Printers before May 26, 1604, with copies circulating privately at Toledo and elsewhere that summer, although the copyright

was not given and printed as one of the preliminaries until September 26. This fact is again proved by the explicit dating of the final royal licence to print of the true second part, November 5, 1615, although the printed book had been sworn to as to errors on October 21.[121]

This true second part went through six different hands for its licences, copyright, attestation as to errors, etc.; and indeed so many were the formalities that had to be gone through with, and so long was the delay that books suffered before they were finally published, that Aldrete in his prologue says he was obliged to take the *Origin and Beginning of the Castilian Tongue*, 1606, off to Rome and publish it there. Other writers suffered the delay, but (perhaps thereby diminishing it) they first took the precaution of getting the book in print before it passed through so many hands. Then in case the Inquisition objected to a passage, that sheet could be reprinted. This happened with the true second part of *Don Quijote*: the Inquisition ordered to be expurgated the duchess' remark that 'works of charity done coldly and grudgingly possess no merit and avail nothing.' The excision was made, but some of the original copies got abroad

and foreign texts were based upon them, although all with the passage in were suppressed in Spain and the passage itself was put upon the *Index Expurgatorio* of 1619.[122]

With the second part of *Don Quijote* off his hands Cervantes' worldly task was done.[123] Already, at the end of 1613, in the preface to the *Exemplary Novels*, he says he is not very nimble on his feet, and as during 1614 he pressed ahead with the second part of his great work, his disease, the dropsy, pressed ahead too. It seemed to him as if he had been born only to quench an unquenchable thirst.[124] 'Death is dropsical,' he makes Sancho say, 'and great thirst drives her to drink the lives of all that live.'[125] Yet he composed at the rate of ten chapters in four weeks,[126] through a Madrid summer, sometimes rising at four in the morning for his task.[127] This second part was finished before February 25, 1615, though the dedication in which he speaks of being very poor by reason of his illness was not written till the end of the year.[128] Friends, particularly a Pedro de Morales, came to his relief, and he and his wife were harboured in the house of a Franciscan priest, Francisco Martinez. The Arch-

bishop of Toledo also continued his material kindness, and to him on March 26, 1616, Cervantes wrote: 'My illness is so much worse of late that I believe it will make an end of me, though not of my gratitude.'[129] On April 2, being too ill to leave the house, he was professed there as a tertiary of Saint Francis. His wife Catalina and the priest he named as his executors, but all we know of his will is that he asked that two masses should be said for the repose of his soul, and others as his executors might arrange. On April 18 he received the sacrament of extreme unction; on the nineteenth he wrote his farewell dedication of *Persiles and Sigismunda*, addressed to the Count de Lemos, adapting the lines of some old verses that began: 'With one foot in the stirrup and in the anguish of death, lady, I write thee.' In place of 'señora' Cervantes substituted 'gran señor.' Four days later (April 23, 1616, new style) he laid his armour down, and on the twenty-fourth his body, clad in Franciscan habit, with the face uncovered, was borne by his religious brothers through the streets of Madrid to its resting-place in the chapel, or more probably the new ground of the convent of the Barefooted Trinitarian nuns. 'The

beautifullest soul in all England' had gone eleven days before. Perhaps his prophetic spirit waited for the other's coming, that they might 'fly abreast.' In any case they are all one country now—our true country, as Plotinus calls it, the place from which we came and where our Father lives.

The precise spot of Cervantes' grave has long since been forgotten. The great shrine is the house in Valladolid, in what is now calle de Miguel Iscar, where the first part of *Don Quijote* was written. It has been lately purchased by the king for a Cervantes museum. The second part of *Don Quijote* was probably written in a house in the calle de las Huertas at Madrid, and a tablet marks the house in the calle del Leon where Cervantes died. No trace exists of the house where he was born at Alcalá de Henares. That place and Esquivias where he was married are but short day-trips from Madrid, the latter on the way to Toledo. Don Quijote's village of Argamasilla lies on the sun-baked, wind-swept table-land of La Mancha, as one journeys south toward Cordova and Seville, and well repays a visit, since in many respects it has not changed in the centuries. Some families

still live underground there. The windmills at Criptana, el Toboso with its blind-alley down which Sancho pictured the palaces of Dulcinea, the cave of Montesinos above the very lovely lakes of Ruidera, are each within a day's walk or mule-drive of Argamasilla. The general aspect of Don Quijote's penance-place in the Sierra Morena may be seen as one continues south. Seville, with its sumptuous cathedral and graceful tower, is of course rich with memories of Cervantes, though figuring little directly in the *Don Quijote*. The spirit of the place as it then was, with its picturesque vagabondage, its hordes going to and from the new world, a place where every street and corner offered its adventure, became an essential part of Cervantes. Everywhere was life, life! Even the prison where Cervantes was twice confined was thrilling with its life, and trading and serenading went on there as in the outer world. A barber was so pleased with his residence that he voluntarily returned and set up shop there. For variety and excitement it was the place of all places where one would most wish to have been.[130]

And as another offset to the hardness of Cervantes' life, one must consider that he was

not alone. Great spirits then in Spain were sojourning. Santa Teresa, whose spirit alone among women of modern times prevails among mankind, had but just (1582) left her convents and sisterhoods, left them in the hands of God, whereas she found them, as she says, 'short-cuts to hell.' Her spirit did not pass away, the spirit of 'If there were no Heaven, I should love God no less; and if no hell, no less should I fear Him.' It prevailed in her disciple, that great saint and poet and mystic San Juan de la Cruz, of whom Teresa had said: 'I am not worthy to suffer as he has suffered.' In prison San Juan's body had become a thing hateful to him, but when a year and a half after his death the grave at Ubeda was opened, his body was found uncorrupted, and as it was borne secretly at night to Segovia many testify that it emitted a sweet fragrance all the way. (That was in the summer of 1593, when Cervantes was collecting stores in the neighbourhood, and this night-removal became the adventure of the corpse.) In 1599 Velasquez was born, in 1617 Murillo. But everyone was clever in those days, and that is the reason why, when Cervantes borrows from his contemporaries, what he borrows often seems

as good as his own. And one of the delights in the study of *Don Quijote* is meeting with so much else that is admirable in the Spanish literature of the century before. Of the *Guzman* we have spoken and that is fairly well known ; but many short and almost forgotten pieces like Guevara's *Contempt of Court and Praise of Country Life* are ' a new intoxication to the imagination.'

Yet of course *Don Quijote* is supreme. With a leap from *Lazarillo de Tormes* and a bound from *Guzman de Alfarache* the novel of character and manners attained in *Don Quijote* a height it has never since attained. Some little tricks and devices we have learned, but we have forgotten how to create a Don Quijote or a Sancho. There are many qualities of the book that might be discussed ; the masterly drawing of each scene, the rounding of the chapters, the dialogue that bears so much of pith and substance on its tide yet still moves on, the idiom and music of the language, the constant play upon words, the use of colloquialisms, the rich and inexhaustible humour, the high-minded though extravagant idealism—the breath and finer spirit of Cervantes forming and informing it all. But these things may be seen and felt by him that runs and reads.

If in this study we have emphasised one quality the book possesses, its dependence upon other books, it is not only because it seems so essential to our appreciation of the work and a solution of its problems, so certain a way of getting at the mind of Cervantes, but because it associates itself with this same matter of literary succession in other fields of history and literature. To see how one writer took from another has become man's most perfect instrument in restoring the great past. The Homeric Question hangs upon it; the Baconian Theory of the Shakespeare plays falls to the ground through the want of its support. The Synoptic Problem waited for seventeen centuries in darkness until Lachmann in 1835 showed that Matthew and Luke derived from Mark the matter the three had in common. Of course the world was slow to be convinced, but the evidences of literary succession did not change, and so in the end we were like the Franks 'converted in companies, baptized by battalions.' It was a great step forward. We still paid visits to the Holy Land, still collated manuscripts, still learned what we could of the customs of the times; but the heart of the problem as to how and in what order the Gospels were written

rested as always in any ordinary text or translation of the Gospels themselves. And gradually we are coming to see that even as Luke used Mark as a source, so he used Matthew as another. The evidence is very strong and yearly grows. Two instances in the narrative of the Temptation alone will scarcely suffice to bring the reader to the general theory, but they will at least serve as examples: Mark tells of Jesus that He was tempted during forty days; Matthew says that He was tempted at the end of the forty days; Luke says that Jesus was tempted both during and at the end of the forty days. Again: Matthew orders the Temptations as first 'stones' second 'pinnacle,' third 'high mountain,' at the end of which Jesus bids Satan to go hence, and Satan leaves. Luke inverts the second and third Temptations, with the result that Satan remains for the third Temptation though bidden to depart.

If Luke did use Matthew as a source, as he clearly seems to have done, it is of course not as a plagiarist, but as a writer using historical documents for an historical narrative. Luke acknowledges his sources at the very beginning: 'Forasmuch as many, etc.' Indeed in this

whole matter of source-derivation the term plagiarist scarcely applies. When books were few they were learned by heart and became common property, and the writer who did not take cognizance of what had already been written in his field would have to answer for it. Fortunately for us they depended upon written words rather than upon tradition and hearsay. With Cervantes too the terms plagiarist, pirate, plunderer, scarcely apply, though for a different reason. He was not writing history but a travesty of all the books of his time.

Yet it must be confessed that at the very points where the *Don Quijote* might have been prosaic like the *Exemplary Novels*, at those points it is strong because re-enforced by the adopted ideas or language of others. If Henry James is permitted to say that 'all roads lead to Balzac: he sits so supremely for orientation,' so one may say that 'all roads lead to Ariosto: he sits so supremely for sentimentality.' Cervantes' road often led thither and the *Orlando Furioso* is the best introduction to that soft side of chivalry which it was Cervantes' aim to expose. A good example of how the *Don Quijote* was re-enforced by the *Orlando* is afforded by the episode

of Olympia and Birone in Ariosto's tenth canto. These lovers come in a ship to an island vaguely off Scotland. In the night Birone steals away and Olympia waking and finding him gone climbs a headland and sees or thinks she sees the speck that bears her fugitive lover. In great distress she waves her arms and raiment, hoping that he may see her (the moon was shining) and return. But in vain, and curses upon her false lover succeed to lamentations of her own unhappy lot. The lamentations help to supply the lamentations of Sancho in the pit, and the curses of Olympia become the curses of Altisidora upon Don Quijote's departure from the castle, but the climax of the episode, Olympia waving her garments, Cervantes could not use until Don Quijote and Sancho arrive at the inn, 'where there served for leather hangings some old painted serges' on one of which was depicted 'the story of Dido and Æneas, she upon a high-tower making signal to her fugitive lover with half a bed-sheet.' Was there ever such fooling?

So worked the mind of Cervantes—such was the force he made his own being here. In the world he had tribulation, but what distinguishes him from all other men is that he not only faced

his trials with fortitude but his serene and happy spirit was not made sad or dull or bitter by them. He is known and revered all over the world because he forgot himself and because through 'our joyfullest and all but our deepest modern book' he communicated his largeness and laughter to countless others. One detects no mean streak in him, no running fault, no deplorable side to his nature, and of how few can that be said, particularly among men of letters and artists, who in their devotion to their art too often forget life's other consecrations. What was true of Don Quijote, we may be sure was true of Cervantes himself: 'His was ever a gentle nature and lovable way, and he numbered all that knew him as his friends.' Cervantes was a great man, aside from as well as in his work, and one bids him farewell with something of the feeling that moved Keats when he parted from Coleridge on Highgate Hill: 'Allow me the memory, sir, of having kissed this hand.'

NOTES

(Save for the second series of Perez Pastor's *Documentos cervantinos, hasta ahora ineditos*, 1902, and a few points in Ramón León Máinez' *Cervantes y su epoca*, 1901-3, practically all the facts regarding Cervantes' life may be found conveniently tabulated by books and documents in the second volume of Leopoldo Rius : *Bibliografía crítica de las obras de Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra*, 1895-1905. The *Don Quijote* references are to my translation, Routledge, 1914.)

1. This is shown by the fact that *Don Quijote* was first planned as a short story ; see p. 80.

2. Said by Macaulay.

3. D. Q., I. 9.

4. See Sources.

5. I have noted one since my translation was in print : in I. 21 Don Quijote cries to the barber-surgeon with the basin (which Don Quijote takes to be Mambrino's helmet) : ' Deliver of your free will that which is so justly my due.' This travesties the scene in *Orlando Furioso*, canto I. st. 26, where the shade of Angelica's brother rises from the stream and demands of Ferrau why he grieves for the loss of his helmet ' which is so justly my due.'

6. Preciosa in *The Little Gipsy*.

7. The statement in Magdalena's will that she was born in Valladolid is much to be preferred over the Madrid death-certificate saying she was a native of Madrid. She was born probably about 1555.

8. In 1569 the alguacil of Madrid and another witness testified to having known the Saavedras for eight years.

9. On October 30, 1564, Rodrigo collected rent for some houses at Seville, and March 6, 1565, the daughter Andrea appeared there as a third party in a suit in which her father was principal. The mother on December 2, 1566, signed a power of attorney at Madrid, witnessed by her younger son Rodrigo. Miguel was perhaps a student-page at Salamanca.

10. Rius, II. 24. 11. Rius, II. 126.12.

12. Alcalá de Henares, but a day's mule-drive from Madrid, was the seat of a great university. Cervantes in *The Dogs' Colloquy* speaks of there being five thousand students there, of whom two thousand were studying medicine. Guzman de Alfarache (II. iii. 4) tells of the life at Alcalá, summing it up in the musical phrase : ' O dulce vita lá de los estudiantes.'

13. We know that Lope de Rueda played at Valladolid, and Berganza in *The Dogs' Colloquy* speaks of arriving there with a company.

14. In the Preface to his *Comedies*, 1615.

15. See previous note.

16. In *Viaje del Parnaso*, IV.

17. Rius, II. 11. ' He gives us to understand that he was a great reader in his youth.' Ormsby.

18. Citations from the *Exemplary Novels* are from the exemplary translation of Norman MacColl, Glasgow, 1902.

19. Rius, II. 10, 16, 52, 126.20. The most striking of these instances is that of the Preface to the *Exemplary Novels* (written late in 1613 when Cervantes was sixty-six), where C. says he is sixty-four and a little more.

20. The reasons for supposing *The Feigned Aunt* to be a work of Cervantes are: (1) The manuscript was found with the manuscript of two of the *Exemplary Novels*. (2) As M. Foulché-Delbosc has noted, the word *pulcela*, which occurs both in the *Don Quijote* and *The Feigned Aunt*, has so far not been found elsewhere in Spanish literature. (3) There are several other expressions, such as 'breaking the head,' 'as the mother that bore her,' '*voto á tal*,' that are thoroughly Cervantesque. (4) Grijalva (the duenna) is also the name of the Rodriguez duenna in *Don Quijote* (II. 31).

21. Rius, II. 24.

22. This length of time fits in with the schooling at Seville and with the departure for Italy; two years is the period assigned by Navarrete's informant (note above). It is perhaps worth noting that both the Licentiate of Glass and Don Diego's son prefer the study of the humanities to that of law. Consider also the vivid portrayal of the life of the poor student in D. Q., I. 37.

23. As described in the Preface to the *Exemplary Novels*.

24. The young poet-page (see page 22) in *The Little Gipsy* did; the student in canon-law at Salamanca (D. Q., II. 19) piques himself on his fencing; and elsewhere in his writings Cervantes shows keen interest in sports. This may account for his great powers of endurance.

25. Rius, II. 46. 26. *El Gallardo Español*.

27. The notes of my translation indicated by *Relaciones Topográficas* in the list of Sources show that Cervantes' knowledge of La Mancha was chiefly based upon these topographical reports—he follows them very closely when speaking of the lakes of Ruidera. On the other hand, and in addition to this early visit to Argamasilla, he may well have passed through there in January 1603 when *en route* from Seville to Valladolid, for only now do we know that

the first part of *Don Quijote* was written in 1603 and yet as far back as 1863 Hartzenbusch(Rius, II. 41) drew attention to the portrait of a man in a side-chapel of the parish church of Argamasilla (still there) with a young girl kneeling at his side. The face of the man is long and narrow, the eyes a little wild, the mustachios heavy. Underneath is the inscription : ' Our Lady appeared to this gentleman when, seriously ill and despaired of by the doctors, on the vespers of Saint Matthew 1601, he lay commending himself to this Lady and promising her a silver cresset and calling on her day and night from the great pain he suffered in his head from a violent chilliness that curdled his wits.'

28. Cervantes' general knowledge of Barcelona may have been gained on this voyage, since in *The Two Damsels* he says that ' galleys which are on their way to Italy or are coming to Spain usually stop a day there.'

29. In the Preface to the *Galatea.*

30. Mateo de Santisteban testified that he had known Cervantes the year previous to Lepanto in the company of Urbina (Rius, II. 23 p. 20). This evidence is more to be heeded than any statement of the father in 1578 that his son had seen ten years' service.

31. So described by Mateo Aleman.

32. So reported by Gabriel de Castaneda, and supported in substance by Santistɛban, as told pp. 317-8 of Navarrete.

33. See note above.

34. I. 38.

35. D. Q., I. 39.

36. In the Preface to *Exemplary Novels.*

37. D. Q., Prologue II.

38. D. Q., I. 39.

39. D. Q., II. 63.

40. Book V.

41. Rius, II. 2.

42. D. Q., I. 40.

43. *The Liberal Lover.*

44. II. 65.

45. Rius, II. 2.

46. Rius, II. 24.

47. See note above.

48. In the Preface to *Exemplary Novels.*

49. *The Liberal Lover.*

50. D. Q., II. 58. 51. *The Spanish-English Lady.*

52. *The Liberal Lover.* 53. See note 51.

54. *Viaje del Parnaso,* I. 55. Rius, II. 126.44.

56. For example, see D. Q., I. 19, note 2. Martos was one of the places from which C. collected stores during these years.

57. See D. Q., II. 51, note 5. 58. Rius, II. 99.

59. On September 15, 1598, he found a surety for a quantity of cloth, which he undertook to pay for by the end of December, and on November 4 of this same year he found a surety for two hundred pounds of biscuit, which he undertook to pay for by the end of January 1599. Was Cervantes setting up shop or was he obliged to exist on biscuit ?

60. August 21, 1909.

61. Its Approval dated Saragossa, Nov. 8, 1602, speaks of it as already printed in Valencia.

62. Part I. iii. c. i. 63. See also page 78.

64. Part II. ii. c. iv. The note to my translation at this point should read ' introduces his brother,' not Martí himself.

65. See also next page and page 68 ; also the dependence of Cervantes upon Haedo, for which see Viardot in notes on the tale of the Captive ; Haedo was finished before the end of 1604.

66. Aldrete says he was forced to print his *Origin and Beginning of the Castilian Tongue,* 1606, at Rome, ' since in Spain licences for printing new books are usually delayed.' There is ample evidence of this. See also page 99.

67. II. 22.

68. In *Record of Events at the Court of Spain from* 1599-1614, Madrid, 1857.

69. As indicated under Ribadeneyra, under Sources.

70. See note 15 of II. 26. 71. See Appendix G.

72. Read what Cervantes says, D. Q., II. 3, 4, 27 (pp. 295, 297, 456 of translation).

73. D. Q., II. 3 and the fact that the error was at once corrected.

74. pp. 168 and 204 of translation.

75. Boiardo, Book II. canto v. sts. 52-4, and Ariosto, canto xxvii. st. 84 (quoted in note 1 of II. 4).

76. Boiardo, Part I. canto xix. st. 19.

77. D. Q., II. 3. 78. D. Q., II. 3, 44.

79. I. 48. 80. See note 1 of I. 48.

81. So given by Nicolas Antonio in *Biblioteca Hispana Nova*, Madrid, 1783-8; the fact that Cervantes makes game of Lope's pamphlet shows that it must have existed in some form before 1603; the 1609 edition was probably a recast of it.

82. Rius, II. 126.38; see also p. 99 of this study.

83. Rius, I. 387; this sonnet apparently first appeared in the edition of 1602.

84. Rius, III. p. 383.

85. The puppet-showman's remark (II. 26), 'So long as I line my purse, let there be as many improprieties as there are motes in the sun,' seems a precise echo of Lope's remark at the end of the letter that he writes for profit; also the knowledge of the letter would account for Cervantes' running fire of the Preface.

86. Rius, II. 345.

87. Tomé Pinheiro de Vega, British Museum, Add. MS. 20, 812, translated by Gayangos, 1885.

88. Rius, III. p. 6. 89. Rius, II. 121.

90. Catalina stood at her marriage and was friendly with her after Cervantes' death.

91. This was seven years later at a meeting of a recently

formed literary club, the Academia Selvaje. Lope borrowed the spectacles to read some verses.

92. Cuando yo revolviendo cien mil cosas En la imaginacion—*Viaje* I.

93. See D. Q., II. 3, 16 et al (pp. 293-5, 371 of my translation).

94. *Guzman de Alfarache*, 1605. II. ii. c. iii.

95. II. iii. c. vii.

96. II. iii. c. viii. (the same chapter, it will be observed, as two on p. 57 of this study).

97. D. Q., I. 25. 98. D. Q., II. 16.

99. It was changed, in the second Madrid edition, to a chaplet of decades consisting of large cork-tree nuts.

100. Consider the Inquisition of the Books (D. Q., I. 6); the sentiment expressed in II. 25 regarding the ape: 'I wonder that he hasn't been denounced to the Holy Office, brought up for examination and the truth wrung from him as to by whose power he divines'; also regarding the enchanted head in II. 62: 'Fearing lest it might reach the ears of those watchful sentinels of our faith, he himself brought the matter to the attention of the Inquisitors, who ordered its disuse lest the ignorant vulgar be scandalised'; the placing upon Sancho of the robe of buckram and the mitre in the mock-scene of II. 69.; and finally the adornment of Dapple with the buckram and mitre on their entry into Argamasilla.

101. Cervantes joined the new order of the Slaves of the Most Blessed Sacrament on April 17, 1609, at Madrid, and at Alcalá de Henares on July 2, 1613, he received the habit of the Franciscan Tertiaries. It is this last act probably that Avellaneda, a few weeks or months later, mocks in the Preface to the false second part of *Don Quijote*.

102. In the dedication of D. Q., Part II.

103. In the Preface to his *Comedies*, 1615.

104. I date some of the *Exemplary Novels* later than is usually done: *The Illustrious-Kitchen Maid* later than 1609, because in that month Halley's comet appeared and filled the nations with forebodings; two-thirds through the tale is written: 'Exactly as comets, when they show themselves, always cause fears of mishaps or misfortunes. . . .' *The Dogs' Colloquy* is certainly later than 1609, after the expulsion of the Moors, to which it pretends to refer prophetically. *The Licentiate of Glass* was written some years after 1606, since in that year the Court removed to Madrid and the story refers to Valladolid as the place 'where the Court then was.' It is, I think, as late as 1611, since the first Spanish dictionary, Covarruvias, was published in that year and mentions the phrase 'repairing to the river Jordan' which the licentiate makes use of, as well as the phrase, 'to infer the size of a lion from its claw.'

105. See note 20 for proof that this story is by Cervantes.

106. D. Q., II. 3.

107. D. Q., II. 59; see also D. Q., II. 16: 'If the poet be chaste in his living, no less will he be in his lines. The pen is the tongue of the soul: as are the thoughts engendered there, so will the writer's poems appear.'

108. In the Preface to the *Exemplary Novels.*

109. Rius, II. 431.

110. See notes of Clemencín on II. 59 and Introduction to the volume containing Avellaneda in the *Biblioteca de Autores Españoles.*

111. See previous note.

112. So said in some verses of a literary joust celebrating Aliaga's rise to the Inquisitor-Generalship.

113. D. Q., I. 52 and II. 59. 114. II. 31.

115. II. 62. What Cervantes thinks of the Aliagas reminds one of what he thinks of Avellaneda as shown by the first dog-story in Prologue to true second part.

116. c. xxxvi.

117. II. 50; Aleman plays upon the name of the author of the false *Guzman* (II. ii. 8); Cervantes also does II. 62: 'Its Martinmas will come to it as to every hog.' Avellaneda in his Preface plays with Cervantes' name.

118. II. 3.

119. See especially the following pages of translation with notes: 340, 351, 359, 365, 404, 430, 451, 476, 518, 616, 655, 656, 662.

120. The number of sheets in the two copies received was the same as the number of sheets in the first parts as they were published, namely 83. Later entries of books in the Brotherhood list show that these books received were made up of proof-sheets (Rius, II. p. 147).

121. Rius, I. 12. 122. See previous note.

123. In the *Journey to Parnassus*, IV., Cervantes speaks of *Persiles and Sigismunda* as on the point of being printed, so the second part of *Don Quijote* would be his last big task.

124. So said in the Prologue to *Persiles and Sigismunda*.

125. II. 20.

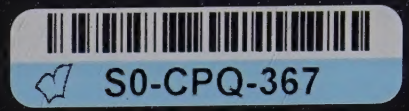
126. Chapters thirty-six and forty-seven are dated respectively July 20, 1614, and August 16.

127. See II. 47.

128. As customary, after the formalities of the book's copyright, etc., had been arranged.

129. Rius, I. 457.

130. The remarkable narratives describing the life in the Seville prison during the years Cervantes knew it will be found in the Appendices to the first volume of José Bartolomé Gallardo: *Rehearsal from a Spanish Library of Rare and Curious Books*, Madrid, 1863-9.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